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Vol. CCV, No. 2673
MAY 5, 1951

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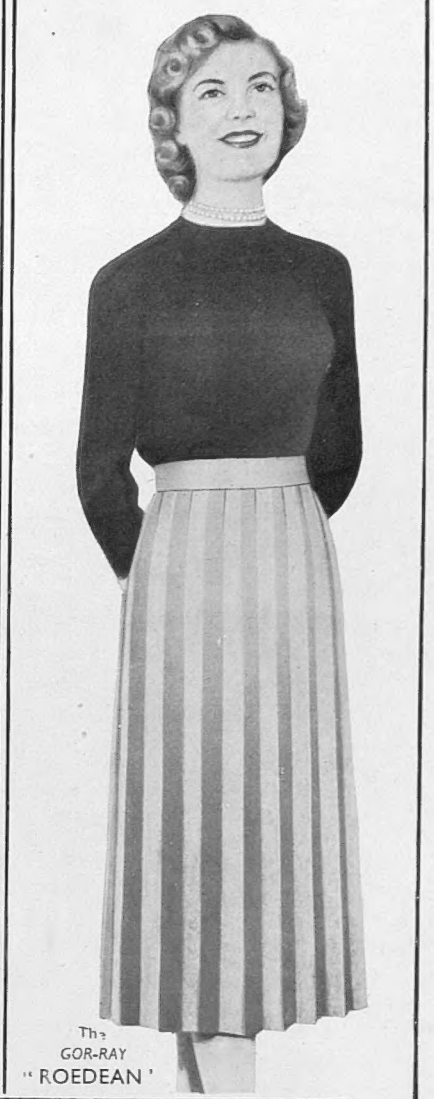

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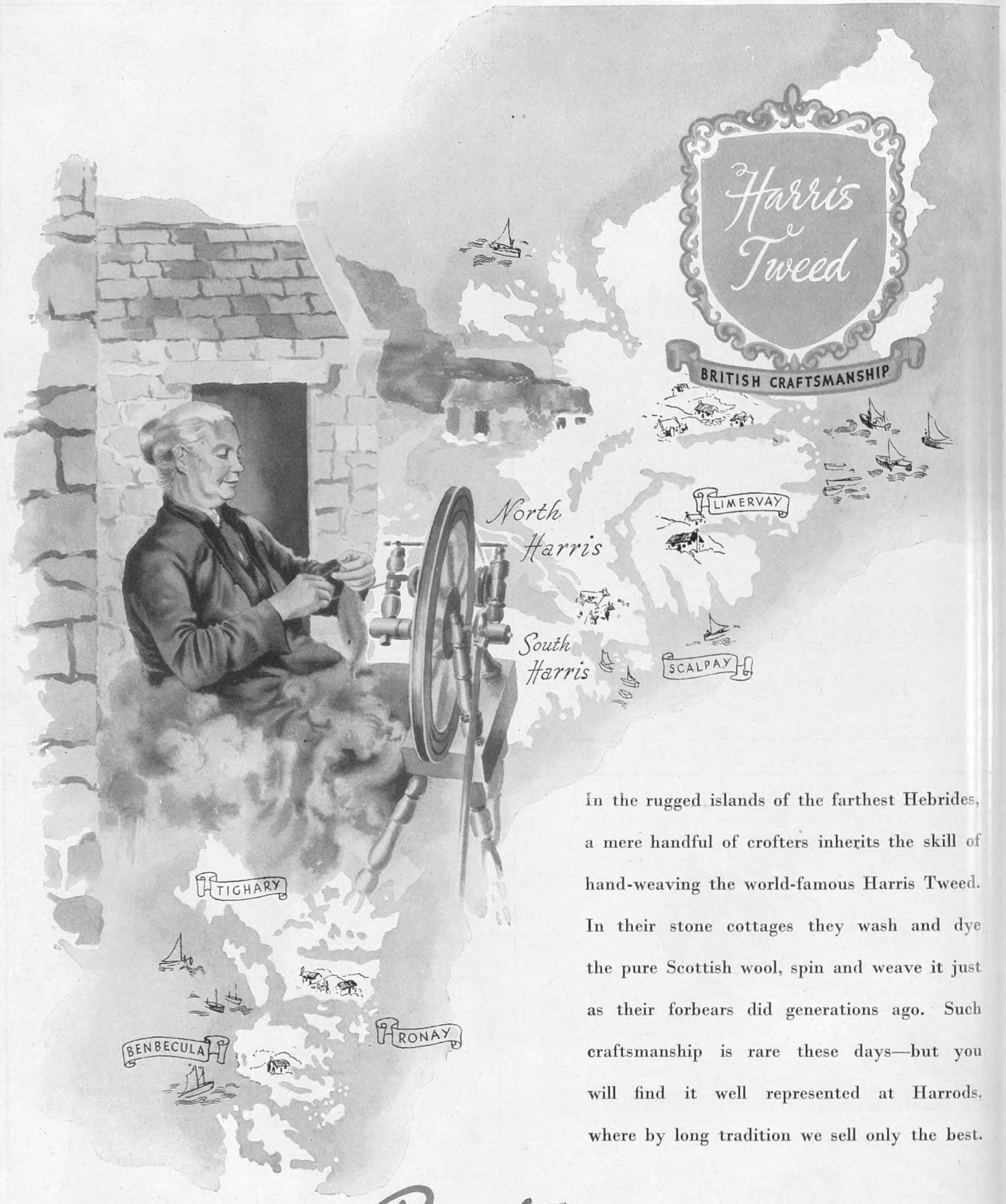

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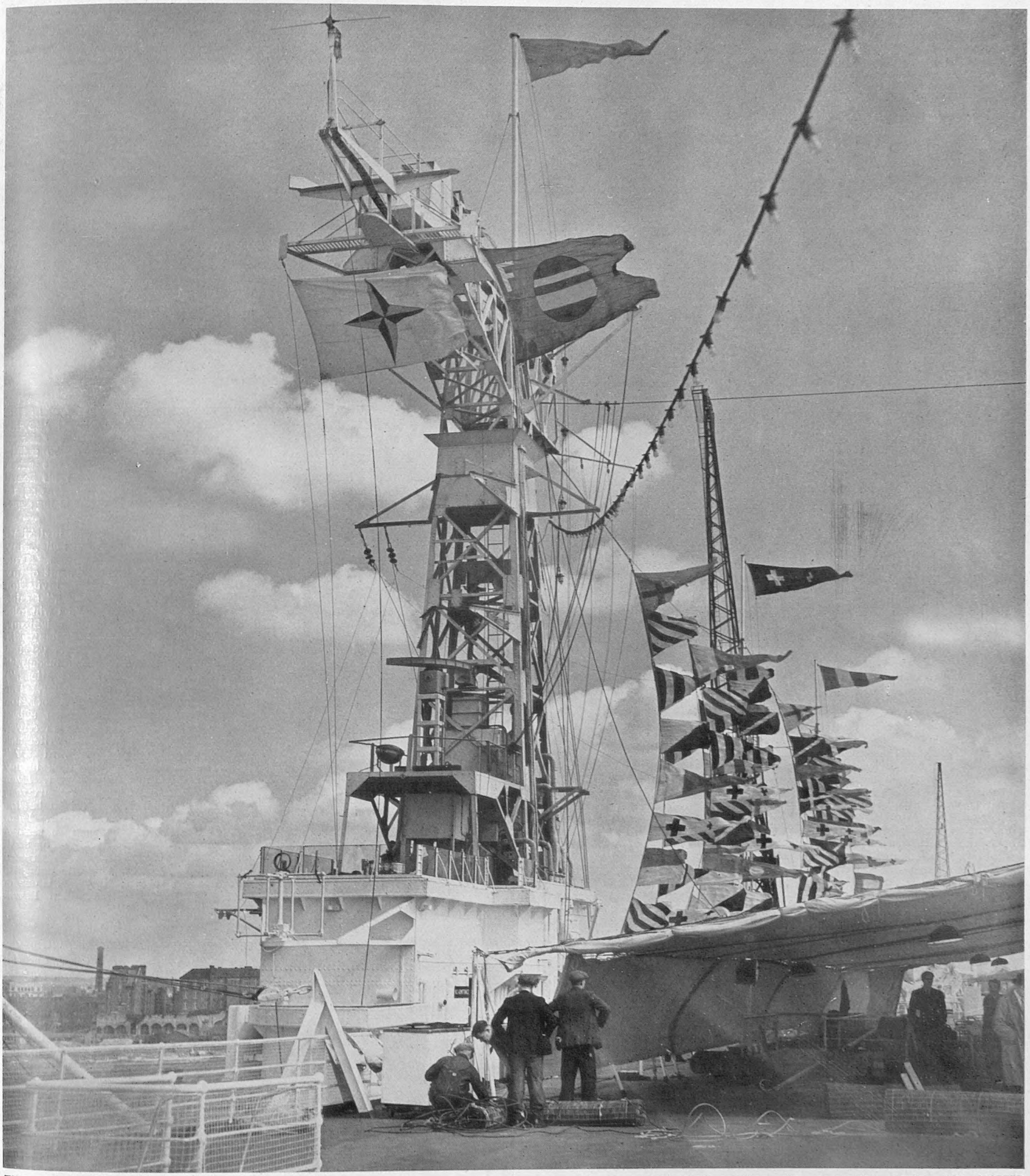
Volume CCV No. 2673

The SPHERE, London, May 5, 1951

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN SHIP—THE S.S. "CAMPANIA," DRESSED OVERALL AT HER BERTH IN SOUTHAMPTON, WHERE THIS 16,000-TON VESSEL HAS STARTED HER TOUR OF BRITISH PORTS AND COASTAL RESORTS: Within the *Campania* is a floating replica of the South Bank Exhibition in London. During the spring and summer months she will visit Dundee, Newcastle, Hull, Plymouth, Bristol, Cardiff, Belfast, Birkenhead and Glasgow. Later she may go on a world or Commonwealth tour.

On Thursday of this week, with the dedication service at St. Paul's Cathedral and the opening of the Royal Festival Hall, the Festival of Britain, which seemed for so long to have beckoned from a distant horizon, had well and truly begun. On the following day the King and Queen were due to make their tour of the South Bank Exhibition, while at Southampton the Festival ship *Campania* opened her vast 300-ft. hangar to visitors who flocked aboard to see a replica of the South Bank display. In the Festival ship, a former naval ferry aircraft-carrier which has been refitted in the Birkenhead yard of Cammell Laird, the exhibits illustrate the origins of the British Isles and British people; agriculture, mineral wealth, industry, sea and shipping and British discoveries. A section deals with the domestic side of British life and another deals with Britain's coastline. The *Campania* has been loaned to the Festival authorities by the Admiralty for two years. The ship has a restaurant, a saloon bar and an open-air café. She has a crew of 120 and about that number of Festival staff in addition.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

History Repeats? — That loyalty which was the chief boast of Mr. Attlee's Government, and which indeed lasted much longer than was generally expected, is dead. Its death was inevitable. The wonder is that discipline was so long a-dying. For poor Ramsay Mac's betrayal of the great cause is still a festering sore in the memory of the Socialist fanatic. Those who loathe Bevan most will be sure he is playing a lone hand for his own future advancement. Those who are unwilling to prejudge him will now reject the theory that his heart bled for the toothless underdog and the hairless pauper. He himself blows the gaff on that theory. He is a strong opponent of the defence Budget; he cannot stomach it. He puts the Welfare State first, military security last, and he makes the point (and he *has* something there) that the money for the defence services cannot, this year and next, be economically laid out because the means and the materials for rearmament do not yet exist. Will he take a party into the wilderness? A very small party, I expect. The fiery Shinwell chose the day of his old friend's decision to discover twenty-five more Russian divisions and to re-emphasise the need for instant rearmament. Strachey perhaps shivered on the brink, but feared to launch away. Wilson was from the first the most likely partner in the wilderness, and his exit broke very few hearts in the country, despite the sympathy evoked by his modest apologia. For the moment, thank Heaven, there is no promotion for clever Dr. Dalton from the shake-up. But, indeed, there cannot be much hope of advancement for any loyal or disloyal Minister for a few years now. The end is surely in sight and almost in touch. A General Election can hardly be postponed beyond the summer, and when it comes the Conservatives (if only they can be persuaded *now* to earmark for high office a few good men and true who are *not* members of White's nor wearers of the Old School tie) may receive a handsome proportion of the electorate's votes.

Civil Defence Lag.—The C.O.I. has been surveying the causes of C.D. apathy, and its report finds: That it is the Government's own uncertainty which has wasted the money spent on C.D. propaganda. The fog has been allowed to hang over all the questions which would-be recruits ask: What are conditions of service? Will C.D. help to prevent war? Is there a defence against the atom bomb? Is it *urgent* to join now? Can any recruit assert that central or local government authorities or propaganda have gone all out as yet, as the sponsors went all out to bring in Eden's L.D.V.s? If the danger then was to be *seen*, if now it is only to be sensed, whose duty is it to open the public's eyes? The people who need no encouragement are the educated, those in responsible positions, those who wholeheartedly support rearmament, those who have served before and always join up in time of trouble without waiting to be fetched. Necessarily the "age group" of these volunteers is an advanced one. Many are over sixty-five, but perhaps reasonably active. What is the response when one such offers himself and his war experience even for an office job in the S. Constabulary to relieve a more active constable? "No, thanks; we don't want men of your age." And in the same breath the Ministers urge men of that age still in employment to remain at work. Blowing hot and cold, yea-ing and nay-ing, what adequate response can the authorities expect from blindfold, contradicted, snubbed volunteers?

Ascot Snobbery?—A correspondent, enclosing a cutting from the Press, on "Ascot Snobbery"—Royal Enclosure, grey toppers, etc.—strongly appeals to me to throw my weight into the scale of tradition, formality and the *status quo*. He argues that the Royal Enclosure is a dollar-drawer—money certainly attracts money; that caterers, dressmakers, car-hiring firms, etc., benefit from the Royal meeting, and that without that enclosure of privilege, this world-famous meeting would lose its glamour. My correspondent need have no anxiety, I believe. As long as we have a Monarchy, we shall have, faithfully preserved for us as many of the historic traditions and pomps of Royalty as economic conditions allow; and that is right. A Court should have round it, supporting it, a cultured, select, and if possible brilliant circle. The pity to-day is that there remain hardly half-a-dozen noblemen who can offer hospitality to the Monarch. He is the only resident landlord left. Knights of the Garter to-day are an anomaly, of course. But I wouldn't have that fine old tradition axed, and I am very sure that the King would not. Leave us still some vestiges of our pomps of yesterday and don't suffer drab democracy to make England too drab. As for the Royal Enclosure enclosing "the best people," that's another story. A grey top-hat does not make a gentleman even to-day nor the modiste a "perfect lady," even if the worst of the marriage-wreckers are still mildly screened out of the Enclosure. By all means, however, leave us still our Royal Enclosure, especially in this year of grace and grab, even if some of our dollar-bringers, observing its occupants, ask: "Are these the best people?" as *Punch's* Victorian dinner-host asked of his parlour-maid *sotto voce*: "Is this the *best* claret, Mary?"—"The best you 've *got*, Sir," she replied. That answer serves both questions. The Royal Enclosure is expensive. The "best" people to-day must be the rich people. I believe I know some of the best people who can't afford the privilege and quite a few who do not seek it.

Gowers Report.—Parliament was told what the Government intended in implementation of the Gowers Report on historic houses. Lord Salisbury, owner of Hatfield, very much "a case in point," after listening to Lord Pakenham, admitted that the proposals might be far reaching, but were obscure and apparently in the far future. For my part, it seemed that this Report has gone the way of most, to a niche in the pigeon-loft, there to lay addled eggs. There would be set up advisory councils with no executive powers, to join the other contradictory, futile authorities. Owners of historic houses would be further encouraged to give them away to the State or National Trust, and might be permitted to pay less in estate duty for this privilege of generosity, if the gift included all the contents of marketable value. One day the Minister of Works might help with men or money to keep the roofs on, but neither men nor money (naturally) would be available to-day or to-morrow. In other words, "report to be filed for the millennium." And if when the millennium comes round there remains in England one lovely country house still recognisable for what it once was in its glory, or a single wood of fine English trees, a graceful avenue, a shady lane or hedgerow, an unsullied stream, a piece of coastline unsuburbanised, a line of the downs un-uglified, I shall apologise from Purgatory to all those busy bodies now concerned with the preservation of our ancient heritage of beauty, peace and culture.

Worth It?—Rail charges are to go yet higher. I am an innocent, for I seldom board a train or ferry-boat and I confess I did not know how high these fares already are. We decided, my wife and I, to snatch advantage from one of these supreme days of summer in April, to take our car and explore the Isle of Wight. We drove it to the Portsmouth ferry, where I tendered a £1 note (expecting some change) for our return fare. I had a shock. Already it costs £3 3s. 3d. for two persons to take a car over to the island and return after a few hours. Was it worth it? Yes, on the perfect day of the year and spring. I think it was worth the price of a week in the Ascot Enclosure (say £150). Ventnor, Blackgang, Freshwater, Alum and Totland Bays and enchanting Yarmouth, a sea of blue as at Naples, golden patches of gorse, little yachts bobbing in half-a-dozen roadsteads, not a breath of wind to ruffle the Solent, all the spring flowers and young leaves and summer birds a-blooming and a-singing, and pink blossoms at every turn; and then that incomparable drive home through the New Forest in the lovely evening.

THE PROMOTION OF SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS—THE FORMER ATTORNEY-GENERAL WHO FOLLOWS MR. HAROLD WILSON AS PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE IN THE GOVERNMENT RESHUFFLE FOLLOWING THE RESIGNATION OF MR. BEVAN AND HIS COLLEAGUES: Sir Hartley, who now becomes a Member of the Cabinet, exchanges a salary of £10,000 a year for one of £5,000 a year. So swiftly did the Government changes take place that when this picture was taken Mr. Harold Wilson had not removed his personal belongings from his Board of Trade office. In the foreground is a presentation inkstand belonging to Mr. Wilson. Further details of the Government changes appear on the facing page.

London River.—Father Thames, running under the bridges, has seen many changes in his long life, and carried up and down on his bosom all sorts of flotsam from warships to barges, from suicides to dead cats. The buildings along his bank also have changed, but still the river is the feature which counts and, in essentials, does not change; and if you had gone on to Agnew's Gallery last week, after watching the Lord Mayor's procession of boats inaugurating the Festival river services, you might have seen in a score of enchanting river views by Samuel Scott (who died in 1772) apt and curiously accurate illustrations of the procession of boats in 1951. The photograph published in *The Times* on April 26 might almost be taken for a reproduction of one of Scott's pictures. Still as of old, the river curves as it did centuries ago, the Tower and the Dome and the Abbey are unchanging features in the river scene, and all the rest of our improvements are but irrelevant fancy dresses.

The Gentle Art of Raising Money.—Yesterday I received a flattering invitation to dine with the Nobs next month at a famous place and to listen to speeches by the Premier and other famous orators. And not myself only was honoured. I was invited to bring a friend. I could not believe my luck and studied the address. True enough, I had been "called out of my name," but, recognisably, the invitation was intended for me. "Good," I said. "I must make the effort and I will take up old ——, my indigent neighbour, who won every award for gallantry in the World Wars and has never yet had an occasion to 'show his medals.'" ("Evening dress and decorations.") Then I re-read the covering letter. The last sentence ran: "The Association cannot benefit from the dinner unless a donation of *over* 3½ guineas is received from each guest." Did the writer ask herself: "How shall I word it?" If she did, she guessed wrong in my opinion, even in dollar-grab year. Even to-day a thin crust of decency survives; even in 1951 it is possible to be too nakedly crude a dollar-grabber. I am quite used to being asked to send a cheque for this worthy cause or that, but I cannot stomach the beggar dressed up as a benefactor; and listening to after-dinner speeches, anyway, is one of those grim experiences which I will never *buy*.

Seoul. — London is often described as "dull" nowadays, and for a still quite important capital, perhaps it is. Londoners say that it is socially a wilderness; nothing ever happens; they never see a new face or meet an old friend. It is very different in Seoul. That is the capital to live in, if you enjoy *va et vient* and the "lighted candle." In Seoul, you never know whom you may meet. You are sure of meeting new faces and old friends "passing through." They may not stay very long, but they love the old city and are quite sure to "come again soon." Seoul, too, is always having a celebration of sorts; it is one perpetual festival year there. Somebody is always celebrating Seoul's deliverance, with crackers and bunting and raw spirits. Countrymen love their day trips to Seoul, and are for even passing through, north to south or south to north, carrying their babies and possessions on their backs. If you live in Seoul you get to know them and even their possessions, which grow lighter with every trip. If you enjoy society, sensation, sense and sensibility, live in Seoul. It is the Capital L of U.N. Logic.

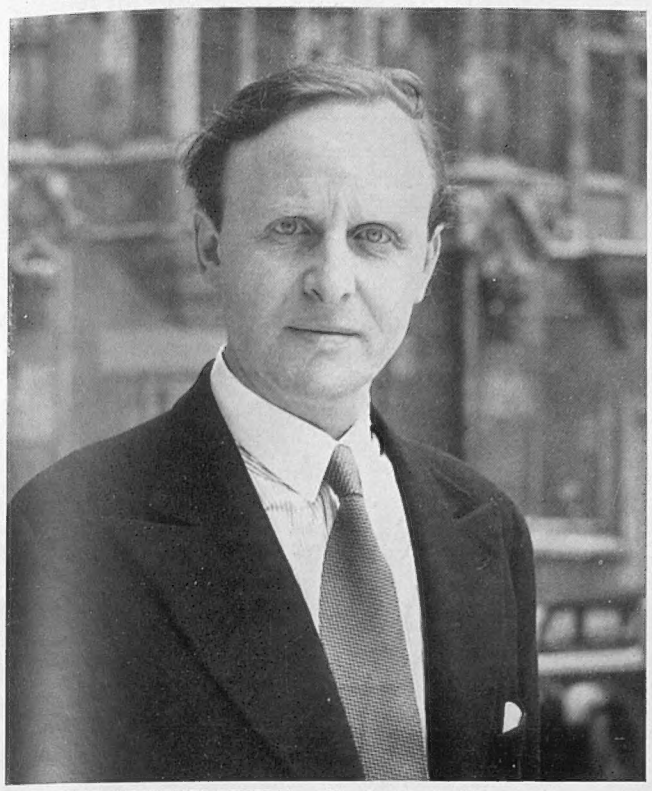
THE OLD STAGER

"WITH BEST WISHES"

THOSE in search of a gift for friends, either at home or overseas, will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal solution. Each week, the new copy will be a fresh reminder of the kind thought and good wishes of the friend at home. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed: The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, together with the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and enclosing the subscription. Inland, £5 16s. Canada, £5. Elsewhere abroad, £5 5s. (to include the Christmas Number).

MR. ATTLEE REVISES HIS ADMINISTRATION

The New Office-holders Following the Resignations Set Off by Mr. Bevan

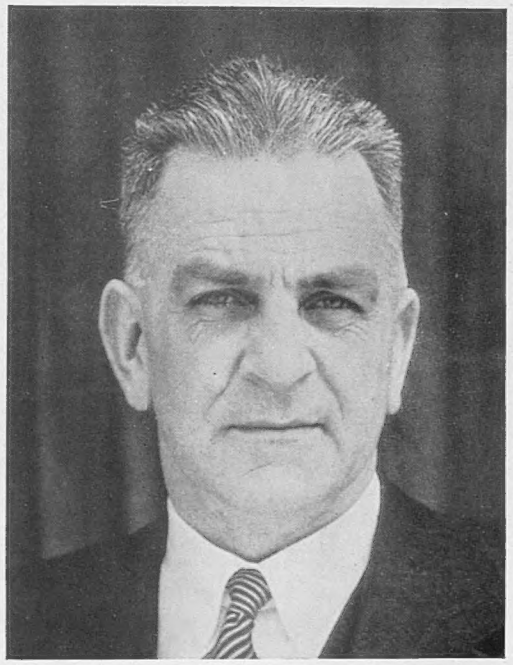


THE NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL: Sir Frank Soskice, who succeeds Sir Hartley Shawcross. He was formerly Solicitor-General.

THE NEW SOLICITOR-GENERAL: Mr. A. L. Ungoed Thomas, K.C. He first entered Parliament in 1945.

A NEW JUNIOR MINISTER: Mr. Harold Neal, M.P. for the Bolsover Division, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Fuel and Power.

THE NEW MINISTER OF LABOUR AND NATIONAL SERVICE: Mr. Alfred Robens, who at the age of forty achieves Cabinet status.



ANOTHER ADDITION TO THE RANKS OF JUNIOR MINISTERS: Mr. A. J. Champion, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. He started work as a railway signalman and was for several years a member of the executive of the N.U.R.

THE NEW MINISTER OF WORKS: Mr. George Brown, M.P. Mr. Brown is thirty-five. He was formerly at the Ministry of Agriculture. He began his working life as a shop assistant, and was later a trade union official.

THE NEW LORD PRIVY SEAL: The Rt. Hon. Richard Stokes, M.C., M.P., the former Minister of Works. He now fills the Cabinet office left vacant through the death of Mr. Ernest Bevin.

"For heaven's sake let us settle down to our real job of governing the country well, getting through these troubles and fighting the Tory opposition, not the opposition in our own movement." With these words Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, Chancellor of the Exchequer, addressed the Labour Party's Scottish Regional Conference in Glasgow last Saturday, and, in doing so, no doubt echoed the sentiments of his Cabinet colleagues after the alarums and excursions of recent days.

Last week, following the resignations of Mr. Bevan and Mr. Wilson, events which came within a fortnight of the death of Mr. Bevin, Mr. Attlee found it necessary to reshuffle his Cabinet and to create a number of new Ministers. The first important appointments were those of Sir Hartley Shawcross (to the Board of Trade), Mr. Alfred Robens (to the Ministry of Labour), Sir Frank Soskice (to the Attorney-Generalship), and Mr. A. L. Ungoed Thomas (to the Solicitor-Generalship). They were followed by the elevation of Mr. Richard Stokes (Lord Privy Seal) and Mr. George Brown (Minister of Works).

Sir Hartley Shawcross, who now enters the Cabinet and in doing so accepts a reduction in salary from £10,000 to £5,000 a year, has rendered eminent service to the Government since 1945 as Attorney-General. He now enters upon a heavy administrative task in which his knowledge of international relations, in contradistinction to his knowledge of the law, will stand him in good stead.

The appointment of Mr. Richard Stokes to fill the Cabinet office vacated by the late Mr. Ernest Bevin is of vital importance, as Mr. Stokes will be responsible for the new department created to deal with raw materials. Mr. Stokes, who was brought into the Government as Minister of Works after the last election, is well liked for his personal qualities by members of all parties. Above all, he is an experienced business man.

The appointment of Mr. Alfred Robens as Minister of Labour brings a new type of man into the ruling circles of British democracy. He is neither an old-guard trade unionist nor one of the so-called intellectuals, but he has long been identified with the trade unions, the Co-operatives and the Labour Party, and could really be called a product of all three. Surely a unique combination? He is a man whom the working mass of trade unionists at bench and in shop, in the mines, on the railways and on the roads, will find it easy to understand.

Sir Frank Soskice, the new Attorney-General, has worked in continuous association with Sir Hartley Shawcross since 1945. He lost his seat in the House of Commons at the last General Election, but about two months later he was returned at the Neepsend (Sheffield) by-election, where he now has a safe seat.

Mr. Ungoed Thomas, the new Solicitor-General, is forty-six and was called to the Bar in 1929. He first entered Parliament in 1945, but, like Sir Frank Soskice, lost his seat at the last General Election, being defeated at Carmarthen by 187 by Mr. R. Hopkin Morris. Later he won a by-election at Leicester North-East.

Mr. George Brown, the new Minister of Works, has been Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries since 1947. As lieutenant to Mr. Tom Williams in the House of Commons he has acquitted himself well. Mr. Brown, who is thirty-five, was an official of the Transport and General Workers' Union and served on the Hertfordshire War Agricultural Committee before entering Parliament as Member for the Belper Division of Derbyshire in 1945. Before his appointment as an Under-Secretary he was Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Minister of Labour and National Service and later to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The two Junior Ministers are also Derbyshire Members, Mr. A. J. Champion representing South-East Derbyshire and Mr. Harold Neal the Bolsover Division, having represented Clay Cross from 1944 to 1950. Both are fifty-three years of age. Mr. Champion was a railway signalman and for several years a member of the executive of the National Union of Railwaymen. He was Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Strachey, both as Minister of Food and Secretary of State for War. Mr. Harold Neal, formerly a checkweigher, was a member of the executive committee of the National Union of Mineworkers and Vice-President of the Derbyshire Miners' Association.

MARCHING BACK TO BARRACKS—THE FIRST OF THE "Z" RESERVISTS REPORT FOR FIFTEEN DAYS' TRAINING AT SHEERNESS, KENT: *On left*—Suitcases in their hands, "Z" Class reservists report for duty at 24 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, R.A., Sheerness. *On right*—Gunner J. Duke, of Edinburgh (left), and Gunner G. A. J. Beverley, of Scunthorpe, hand over their ration books on arrival.

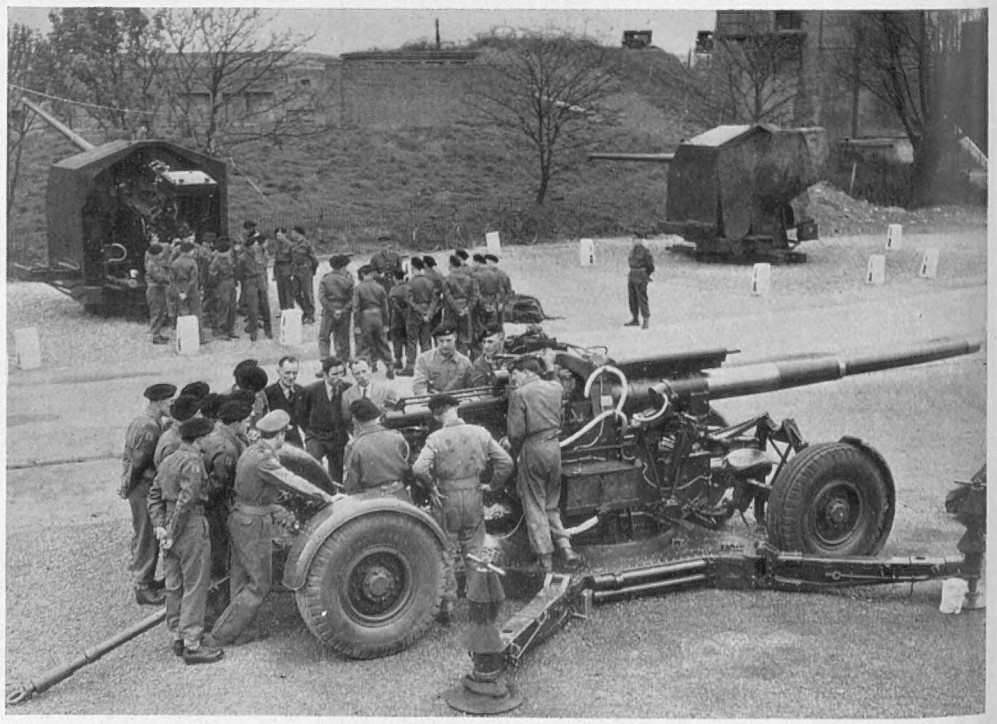
"Z" MEN IN KHAKI

The First Reservists Report for 15 Days' Training at the Sheerness A.A. Depot

For the past week the first groups of Class "Z" reservists called up for fifteen days' duty have been undergoing training at various camps throughout the country. They reported for duty last week-end and, after the preliminary routine of medical examination and the drawing of kit, began training last Monday. At Sheerness about 100 officers and men of the 2,000 or so involved joined the regular 24th Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment at the Royal Artillery Barracks, and at Lydd, Kent, others reported at A.-A. Command R.E.M.E. School of Technical Instruction. The fifteen-day periods of training, which form part of Britain's Defence Programme, will go on throughout the summer months. A large proportion of the men recalled for service saw service during the war.

ACK-ACK GUNNERS GO BACK IN THE ARMY FOR FIFTEEN DAYS' INTENSIVE TRAINING: "Z" Class Reservists shoulder their kit-bags as they leave the Quartermaster's Stores after the kit issue at Sheerness. About 100 men joined the regiment there.

KHAKI, BOOTS AND BERETS: Being issued with kit at Sheerness are, from left to right: Sergeant-Major J. L. Keen, of Boreham Wood; Lance-Bombardier D. A. Lewis, of Haddenham; Gunner J. Harris and Bombardier A. Waugham, both of London.



ON PARADE—THE FIRST MARCH ACROSS THE BARRACK SQUARE AND THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS AT THE A.-A. DEPOT AT SHEERNESS: Throughout last week-end men were travelling to different parts of the country in order to join camps in Kent, Norfolk, Cornwall and Wales. At each camp special arrangements had been made for their reception. Many of the first arrivals were anti-aircraft gunners and technical specialists. The men in the foreground of the picture *on the right* are being reintroduced to the fully mobile 3.7 anti-aircraft gun (counterpart of the famous German 88). The two guns in the background are 4.5 A.-A. guns with fully automatic breech mechanism, including power rammers and other refinements. Both these types played a dominant role in the A.-A. defence of Britain.

THE WRECKAGE OF THE 1,192-TON NAVAL ARMAMENTS SHIP "BEDENHAM" ALONGSIDE THE ORDNANCE WHARF AT GIBRALTAR AFTER SHE HAD BLOWN UP, CAUSING EIGHT DEATHS, ABOUT 1,000 CASUALTIES AND WIDESPREAD DAMAGE TO THE TOWN: The explosion is the worst in the history of Gibraltar and has resulted in damage to the fourteenth-century convent (which is the Governor's residence) and to Holy Trinity Cathedral. The only casualty among the crew was the master, Mr. C. Doughty, of Cardiff. Warned by a preliminary fire he had time to order the crew ashore. Apparently the fire broke out in a lighter into which ammunition was being unloaded. As shells in the lighter began to go off, workmen ran for cover. Soon afterwards the lighter blew up, and then came the explosion in the *Bedenham*. A column of smoke rose nearly as high as the peak of the Rock, and steel plates from the Bedenham were hurled high into the air. The whole area was shaken by the concussion, the streets were littered with broken glass, and many roofs were stripped. All available vehicles were pressed into service to carry the injured to hospital. Among those who helped in the streets near the Ordnance Wharf was Sir Kenneth Anderson, the Governor, whose office was wrecked by the blast, and Lady Anderson.

THE GIBRALTAR DISASTER

THE NAVAL ARMAMENTS SHIP "BEDENHAM" BLOWS UP IN THE DOCKYARD, CAUSING EIGHT DEATHS AND WIDESPREAD DAMAGE

THE GREAT PALL OF SMOKE RISING ABOVE THE ROOFTOPS OF GIBRALTAR AFTER THE DISASTER: So violent was the explosion that it shook La Linea on the Spanish mainland and Algeciras, three miles away. Several doctors from Spanish towns hurried to the scene.

THE ILL-FATED "BEDENHAM": The *Bedenham* sailed from Plymouth for Gibraltar and Malta on April 20, carrying a mixed cargo of ammunition and stores for both dockyards. She arrived at Gibraltar on April 24.

Royal Occasions

The Rededication of St. John's, Waterloo Road, the "Festival Church"; The Queen and Princess Elizabeth at Cheltenham Races

PRINCESS ELIZABETH ARRIVES IN SOUTH LONDON FOR THE OPENING OF THE "FESTIVAL CHURCH": Her Royal Highness is greeted by the Mayor of Lambeth, Councillor J. Darsley, on arrival at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Lambeth. The Princess was conducted to her seat by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE REDEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST CLOSE TO THE SOUTH BANK SITE OF THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: During the months of the Festival, St. John's is being used b the British Council of Churches as the official church of th Festival of Britain. The Bishop of Southwark, Dr. Simpson, is standing in front of the High Altar during the act of rededicatio Dr. Fisher, who pronounced the blessing at the end of the service, i seen on the left of the Sanctuary. St. John's, one of the four church built to commemorate the Battle of Waterloo, was badly damaged by high-explosive bomb in 1940. Most of the money for the work of restora tion has been provided by the War Damage Commission, but the Church Authorities are still faced with an expenditure of about £8,000.

ROYALTY AT THE RACES—THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE CHELTENHAM MEETING: Cheltenham Gold Cup. They saw Silver Fame beat Greenogue by a short head. Manicou, Princess Elizabeth on their way to the Paddock during their visit to the course. The Gold *On left*—**The Royal Party in their box during the race for the the Queen's horse, was unplaced.** *On right*—**The Queen and Cup race had been postponed from March owing to bad going.**

THE ADMIRAL OF THE PORT OF LONDON SAILS UP THE THAMES

Inaugurating the Festival River Service

The Lord Mayor of London's State Journey in Spring Sunshine

THE FIRST OCCASION ON WHICH THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AND HIS OFFICERS HAVE TRAVELLED IN STATE ON THE THAMES SINCE 1856: This was the scene above Blackfriars Bridge as the Admiral of the Port of London (one of the titles held by the Lord Mayor) journeyed up-river to inaugurate the Festival Waterbus Services at Charing Cross Pier, Victoria Embankment. The Lord Mayor embarked on the motor-launch *Everest* (which is seen in the foreground of this picture) at the Old Swan Pier, London Bridge, wearing his full scarlet, black-and-gold robes. Four boats under oars and police launches escorted the procession. Two of the boats were manned by scarlet-coated Doggett's Badge holders, winners of the annual Thames boat race organised by the Fishmongers' Company and the Watermen's Company. At the oars of the other two rowing-boats of the escort were Swan Uppers, in striped jerseys and woollen hats pierced by swan's feathers. They are chosen annually from Thames watermen to round up and mark swans on the river. The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society in another launch played selections from Handel's "Water Music." At Charing Cross Pier, Lord Macpherson, Chairman of the Thames Passenger Services Committee, accompanied the Lord Mayor as he cut the ribbon and declared the pier open. In a brief speech the Lord Mayor said that plans had been made to carry 3,500,000 passengers during Festival year.

THE LORD MAYOR'S LAUNCH AND PART OF THE ESCORT OF ROWERS: The Lord Mayor (Alderman Lowson) is seen in his scarlet, black-and-gold robes in the cockpit of the *Everest* as he journeyed up-river. Manning the rowing-boat in the foreground were Swan Uppers, in their picturesque striped jerseys. The Swan Uppers represented both the Vintners' and Dyers'.

THE LORD MAYOR OPENS THE REBUILT OLD SWAN PIER, LONDON BRIDGE: This was the prelude to his river trip and his subsequent opening of the Charing Cross Pier. The *Everest* is seen in background.

PAGEANTRY at ST. PAUL'S

Members of the Order of St. Michael and St. George Meet for their Annual Service at the Cathedral

THE KING-OF-ARMS TO THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE LEAVING ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AFTER THE ANNUAL SERVICE : Lieut.-Colonel Sir Archibald Weigall, K.C.M.G., has held his present office since 1938. He was the Governor of South Australia from 1920-22. Sir Archibald was created a baronet in 1938.

THE ANNUAL SERVICE OF THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL : The scene inside the Cathedral as Knights of the Order proceeded from their Chapel, south of the West Door, up the nave to their seats.

A VISITOR FROM OVERSEAS : The Rev. U. Po Tun, of the Methodist Church, leaving the Cathedral after the service. He wore his country's national dress.

For the first time since 1939 the members of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George attended their annual service at St. Paul's in Levee dress. At the beginning of the service they went in a procession, its pageantry enriched by the rays of the late April sun, to their own chapel on the south side of the West door, for the placing in position of the banner of Sir Andrew Caldecott, and for the offering of prayers for the Grand Master.

After the elaborate ceremonial within the chapel the procession was re-formed and the members proceeded to their places in the choir for the Service of the Commemoration of the dead and for their own act of rededication. The service closed with the playing of the National Anthem. The band of the Royal Horse Guards played during the service and during the procession. Sir Andrew Caldecott's banner now replaces that of the late Brigadier-General Sir Samuel Wilson.

A KNIGHT COMMANDER OF THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE : Sir Ronald Storrs seen in conversation after the St. Paul's ceremony.

THE CEREMONIAL PROCESSION LEAVES THE CHAPEL OF THE ORDER : Inside the chapel the Prelate said prayers for the Order and for the King. Here, too, the King-of-Arms named the knight whose banner was to be affixed at the altar. This was placed in position and members then left the chapel and moved up the nave to the choir.

ON THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S : Mr. L. A. De Lacy Meredith, C.M.G., and Miss MacGinnity outside the Cathedral. The members of the Order wore Levee dress for the first time since 1939.

PÉTAIN'S RELATIVES FORGATHER

As the Aged Soldier's Health Became Increasingly Critical they Crossed to His Fortress Prison at Yeu, Where He Celebrated His Ninety-fifth Birthday on April 24

THE FORTRESS ON THE ISLAND OF YEU, OFF THE COAST OF THE VENDÉE, IN WESTERN FRANCE, WHERE PHILIPPE PÉTAIN, EX-MARSHAL OF FRANCE, THE HERO OF VERDUN IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR AND THE HEAD OF THE VICHY GOVERNMENT IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR, WAS INCARCERATED AFTER HIS REMOVAL FROM URDOS: *Left*—An overhead view of the fortress where the ex-Marshal has lived with a guard of forty men, as often as not from North African units. *Right*—Pétain as he was in 1945 during his trial for treason. He was sentenced to death on August 15, 1945, but two days later the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life at the instance of General de Gaulle, then head of State. At the beginning of April Pétain's health began to decline rapidly and relatives were summoned to the island of Yeu. On April 26, however, it was stated that Pétain was considerably better and all the members of his family left the island.

ON THEIR WAY TO YEU: This party of passengers crossed over in the ferry a few days before Philippe Pétain's ninety-fifth birthday, when he was reported to be sinking rapidly. Left to right—Maitre Isorni (Pétain's lawyer), Maitre Lemaire (assisting Isorni), Louis Girard (a distant relative of Pétain and at one time his Chef de Cabinet), Pierre de Herain (son of Pétain's wife by a previous marriage), Madame de Herain and Madame de Hourcourt (a niece of Pétain). *Right*—The ex-Marshal taking exercise in the fortress.

MADAME PÉTAIN INTERVIEWS MAITRE ISORNI, PÉTAIN'S CHIEF LAWYER: The wife of the ex-Marshal received the lawyer in her hotel room on the island. She has been a regular visitor to the fortress throughout the years of Pétain's incarceration. Madame Pétain finds it difficult to get about, as she suffers very severely from rheumatism.

PIERRE DE HERAIN (STEPSON OF PÉTAIN) HELPS HIS MOTHER TO HER CAR AS SHE PAYS ONE OF HER REGULAR VISITS TO THE EX-MARSHAL: On this occasion there was quite a gathering in the main street of the little village on the island of Yeu, as the news had become known that Pétain was gravely ill.

The trial of Philippe Pétain, Marshal of France, took place in Paris from July 23 to August 15, 1945, and the sentence of death passed by the High Court of Justice was commuted by General de Gaulle, then in power, to penal servitude for life. At the time of writing, in these days when the ex-Marshal hovers at death's door, many will recall Pétain's statement of self-justification to the court during the days of trial, in which he told how he had spent his life in the service of France, how he became heir in 1940 to a catastrophe of which he was not the author, of how he sacrificed his prestige for the French people, and of how others hid behind him while, "with a knife at his throat," he fought the enemy.

Pétain, in his address to the court, ended with the heroic words, "a Marshal of France asks mercy of none. Your judgment will be answered by God and posterity. These will suffice for my conscience and my memory. I leave it to France."

Post-war France rejected him, and so Philippe Pétain went into the shadows. First he was conveyed to Urdos, to be incarcerated in a gaunt prison house 6,000 ft. up in the mountains, and later, when his health began to suffer, he was transferred to the island of Yeu, off the coast of the Vendée, where he has remained ever since. On April 24 Pétain celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday, with relatives gathered round his bedside in his room at the fortress, among them Madame Pétain (his devoted wife), his stepson and his niece.

During his birthday Pétain suffered no loss of strength, it was reported, although two days before it was rumoured that he was sinking.

Pétain's life on the island of Yeu has been in many ways very free and easy. For half the year the climate of Yeu is pleasant. Yeu is the smallest of the three islands of the Pertuis Breton, the others being Oleron and Ré. All three have prison or captivity associations. Napoleon waited at Oleron for the *Bellerophon* to take him to Plymouth, while the underground citadel of Ré for over seventy years housed convicts on their way to Devil's Island.

Yeu is an hour from the mainland and, except in July and August, when trippers venture across, it harbours only a few score fisher-folk and the ex-Marshal's guard of forty.

In the fortress Pétain has what is tantamount to a second-floor flat of three rooms, a bathroom specially put in, and central heating. The rooms are monastically sparse of furniture, and the only picture in one room is of de Gaulle.

Pétain can listen to any radio programme he chooses, and any newspapers, periodicals and books are his for the asking. It is said that he has spent much of his time learning English ("the language of my enemies," as he calls it).

Madame Pétain, who has been a regular visitor to the fortress ever since the ex-Marshal's incarceration there, lives in a small nearby hotel, and has had constant access to her husband, bringing him delicacies and luxuries to eke out his rather starchy diet.

Several attempts have been made to secure Pétain's liberation. The prisoner of Yeu has remained confident in his own innocence, and has constantly sought a new trial.

RANGING THE WORLD FOR HEADLINED NEWS

MALTA'S EMIGRATION SCHEME: AMERICA TO SEND GRAIN TO INDIA: HONOURING BOLIVAR: A LEAFLET CAMPAIGN IN ABADAN

MALTA SAYS GOOD-BYE TO 1,000 OF HER CITIZENS: Friends and relatives waving from the quay as the S.S. *Florentia*, flying the Panama flag, sets sail from Grand Harbour, Valetta, for Australia, with 1,000 emigrants on board. The *Florentia* is under contract to the Maltese Government to carry this number four times yearly to Australia, returning with cargoes of grain. The population of the island group is 270,000, and the density is 2,520 per sq. mile in Malta and 95 per sq. mile in Gozo. Malta can well afford to reduce this formidable population. Hence her emigration policy.

BEFORE THE S.S. "FLORENTIA" LET GO HER MOORING ROPE The emigrant ship, with 1,000 passengers on board, seen she was about to leave Malta, en route to Austra

PREMIER NEHRU POINTS THE WAY IN INDIA AT A MOMENT WHEN THE SUB-CONTINENT IS FACED WITH FAMINE: Mr. Nehru (left) is seen watching gardeners harvesting wheat in the grounds of his official residence at Delhi. On two small plots of land the Prime Minister has raised two crops of wheat averaging 32 bushels to the acre, as compared with the all-India average of only 8 bushels. President Rajendra Prasad has also raised a tightly-packed crop. Last week it became known in Washington that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee had given unanimous approval to a Bill authorising the shipment of 2,000,000 tons of grain to India for famine relief. Half of this would go as a gift, it was stated, and the other half would be on a loan basis. The total cost of this programme is 19,000,000 dollars. About 1,000,000 tons of grain are being shipped either immediately or in the near future. As a result of a bad monsoon for three consecutive years and widespread calamities—earthquake, floods and drought—India's grain stocks have fallen dangerously low. India this year is devoting most of her foreign exchange resources to the purchase of wheat from the United States and Australia, and rice from Burma and Siam. But she has insufficient funds to meet the needs of all her people, hence the enormous importance of the new American gift.

A NEW ANGLICAN PROVINCE IS BORN IN WEST AFRICA: The Ar bishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, talking with t Mayor of Freetown, Sierra Leone, when he arrived to augurate the new Province of West Africa and to witness election of the Bishop of Lagos as the Archbishop of Province. On the day after the Archbishop had been the celeb at a sung Eucharist in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, during the a festival of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, he trav to West Africa by air in company with the Dean of Manchester and former Bishop on the Niger, the Right Rev. Bertram Lasbrey. inauguration of the West African Province took place on April 17 i cathedral of the diocese of Sierra Leone, which was chosen for the occ because it was the first of the five dioceses of the new Province to be for The Archbishop was the celebrant at the solemn Eucharist in Free Cathedral. Dr. Fisher, in his sermon, declared "It is a glorious thing just at this creative moment for West Africa, the five dioceses in West A under the jurisdiction of Canterbury, should become the Church of the vince of West Africa, autonomous, able to direct its own course and ma own decisions in loyalty to the wide fellowship of the Anglican Commun

REDEDICATING THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF SIMON BOLIVAR IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK: American students, carrying the flags of various countries in the Americas, arriving for the rededication. The statue has been moved from its old location near West Eighty-Third Street to the entrance at Central Park South and the Avenue of the Americas. The rededication took place on the thirtieth anniversary of the original unveiling. The ceremonies began after a parade up the Avenue of the Americas by 3,000 marchers, including 360 Venezuelan military and naval cadets and contingents of Peruvian and Colombian cadets. The parade started at Forty-Fifth Street and included United States Army, Navy and Marine Corps bands, as well as the bands of the New York Police and Fire Departments. The unveiling of the statue came after President Flamerich of Venezuela had pressed a button in Caracas, 2,000 miles away, that lighted seven bulbs in a case near the statue. The lights represented the six Bolivarian countries and the United States.

"OPPOSE THE AMERICAN PLAN TO REARM JAPAN": This was slogan carried on their banner at the head of the march Communist women who recently held a parade through streets of Shanghai. Behind the banner was a portrait of Ma

REWARDING THE NON-STRIKERS, AND THE PROTECTION OF PERSONNEL, AT THE ABADAN REFINERY OF THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY: *On left*—A taxi, with leaflets fluttering from its windows, passes through the housing estate of Ferahabed. The leaflets announced that the Company had decided to pay bonuses to those employees who had reported for duty during the strikes in the South Persian oilfields. *On right*—Anglo-Iranian Oil Company personnel play tennis while a guard of Persian soldiers is stationed outside the enclosure.

Towards the end of the riots in South Persia the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company was able to announce that production at their Abadan refinery had never stopped. With the aid of non-strikers they had been able to keep the average daily production at about 25 per cent. of the normal output. As the situation improved and as more of the strikers returned to work, leaflets were distributed throughout the town announcing that a bonus would be paid to employees who had continued working during the strike which had arisen over the question of oil nationalisation. The leaflets, which had been signed by the Company's general manager, carried this message: "Certain subversive elements have circulated the misleading rumour that the Company were the instigators of the recent strike in the fields' areas and at Bandar Mashur and of the present general strike in Abadan. Such rumours are obviously ridiculous, as it must be clear to all that the Company would most certainly not wish its employees and their families to be the victims of the violence and general hardship which has been caused by the agitators." Meanwhile, the strikers announced that before they returned they would have to be assured of payment for the days they were away from work. This threat, however, did not fully materialise, for on April 24 some 17,000 employees returned to work without making any demands on the Company. On the next day, the thirteenth day of the riots, the strike ended.

A FURTHER STAGE IN THE ANTARCTICA CONTROVERSY—AN ARGENTINE MISSION AT THE "GENERAL SAN MARTIN BASE," SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH ANTARCTIC CIRCLE: This is the fourth base to be established by Argentina in Antarctica territory. The members of the mission, who are seen listening to an address given by Colonel Hernan Putato, left Buenos Aires on February 12. For some years now Argentine has been involved in the dispute with Britain over the sovereignty of large areas of Antarctica territory.

THE MUSLIM BROTHERHOOD DEMAND POLITICAL FREEDOM: Brandishing a Koran, Saleh Ash Mawi, Vice-Chairman of the Brotherhood, is hoisted onto the shoulders of his associates during a demonstration in Cairo. The demonstration took place outside the Parliament building during the Deputies' debate on a new Bill which, if passed, would allow associations to operate only on the condition that they refrain from political activities. The Brotherhood, whose declared aim is to apply the rules of Islam to Government and social activities, contends it should be given the right to enter into the political field. The Muslim Brotherhood, which once boasted 2,000,000 followers in Egypt and in the Middle East, was outlawed in 1948.

BERLIN'S FIRST POST-WAR BLAST-FURNACE: A view of the opening ceremony of the new Borsig Steel Works, in the French Sector, and showing the first ladle just before it was emptied into the casting pit. The new steel plant will be able to produce between 2,000 and 2,500 tons of steel a month. Steel castings of 20 tons are also possible with the new furnace—which is of the latest type in the world. Most of the castings will go to parts of West Germany, and the rest of the output will be used to rebuild the Borsig plant, and for forging steel for the reconstruction of Berlin. The plant was granted an 11,000,000 marks credit by the European Recovery Programme for reconstruction, 3,000,000 of which have so far been used for partial rebuilding. The size of the plant is attested to by the fact that over 1,500,000 marks were needed in order to erect roofs over part of the factory. Before the war there were three blast-furnaces in Berlin.

THE LATEST IDEA FROM CALIFORNIA: The excavation of a reservoir at Pasadena which will be covered by a concrete roof on which will be built a park, a playground and a car-parking area. The park will be built on a 2-ft.-thickness of earth which will cover the reinforced concrete roof of the 15-acre reservoir. To support the roof, 644 reinforced concrete columns will be erected. The mass of girders seen in the background of the picture have been erected for the preparation of the roof and concrete columns. The park and playground will serve a new housing estate which is being developed in the area. During the building of the reservoir 228,000 cub. yards of earth have been excavated. The whole project is expected to be completed in the latter part of this year.

A CITADEL AMONG THE NORTHERN HILLS: This aerial view, taken on the borders of Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire, looks north-westward from Bonar Bridge along the Kyle of Sutherland to the deep recesses of the hills beyond, where Ben More stands as a great sentinel above Loch Shin. On the left, above the water and standing upon a well-timbered eminence, is Carbisdale Castle, which is now famous as a hostel. This is a truly glorious part of Scotland in spring, and also in high summer, but as yet spring treads but lightly in these northern climes, and snow still clings to the higher slopes.

IN SCOTLAND

A LAST KICK OF WINTER AND A FIRST GLIMPSE OF SPRING

A Series of Pictures from the Far North of Britain

THE DEVIL'S ELBOW ROAD STILL BLOCKED BY SNOW IN THE THIRD WEEK OF APRIL: A bulldozer ploughing its way through a deep drift on the famous road from [illegible] to Braemar. Protests by Scottish M.P.s about the Devil's Elbow Road were answered in Parliament last week by Mr. Hector McNeil, Secretary of State for Scot[illegible] when he declared that he had been getting in touch with the county councils over the matter. Aberdeenshire roadmen, with a bulldozer and a snow-plough, took [illegible] days to advance a mile and a quarter on the Devil's Elbow Road. Renewed blizzards added to the men's ordeal. For about two miles on either side of the s[illegible] the snow was about 5 ft. to 6 ft. deep—in parts drifting to 10 ft. As much of it had lain from previous storms, it was frozen very nearly into a solid [illegible]

WHERE THE CONAN DROPS INTO CROMARTY FIRTH: This aerial view looks north-eastward to the Firth, with the bridges at Conan Bridge in the foreground and the flat grain lands of the Black Isle, one of the most fertile areas of Scotland, sweeping away to the right. Away on the left at the head of the Firth, but not seen in the view, is Dingwall, a Royal burgh and county town. This is a great tourist centre in Northern Scotland, carrying the main highways both to the north and west.

THEY KEEP THEIR VIGIL AT THE RON ROCK: John Christian (left), one of the four keepers of this lighthouse on the Aberdeenshire coast near Peterhead, and Principal Keeper J. Oliver seen walking along the causeway which links the Ron light with the mainland during periods of low tide. This stretch of coast, where Aberdeenshire thrusts into the North Sea, is notorious for wrecks.

WIND AGAINST TIDE IN THE MORAY FIRTH: The Lossiemouth drifter *Caronia* battling against heavy weather en route to the North Sea fishing-grounds. The effect of wind battling with tide causes the spray to leap high over the bows of the *Caronia*.

"KING" of the NORTH POLE

A Visit to the Governor of the Norwegian Coal-mining Settlement in Spitzbergen; and Its Relationship with the Nearby Russian Settlement

LONGYEAR VALLEY, SPITZBERGEN, IN WHICH THE NORWEGIAN COAL-MINING SETTLEMENT OF LONGYEARBYEN IS SITUATED: Longyear was named after the American mining engineer who started the first coal-mine in Spitzbergen early this century. Although the Russians are no longer actively mining in Spitzbergen, they have (unlike the other European countries who have sold their interests there) continued to cling to their foothold in this polar archipelago. The Norwegian settlement is situated on the shores of the ice fjord 700 miles from the North Pole. The article on this page deals not only with the visit paid by Frank Illingworth to the Norwegians, but also with the miners' comments on the continued presence of the Russians and of their possible fortification of the area.

Haakon Balstad looks through the glass of his double windows across the bleak polar mountains and says: "I don't know a better life than up here, 700 miles from the North Pole."

A roaring bull of a man, squatly made, with immense breadth of shoulders and thickness of chest, slightly oblique eyes and an incredible capacity for raw liquor, Haakon Balstad is the Governor of the Spitzbergen Islands, situated due north of Norway on the edge of the Ice Barrier in the land of the polar bear and the Arctic seal. Balstad says: "You 're cut off from the world by sea-ice for seven months of the year. There 's no rationing, no money troubles because there is no money in Spitzbergen—not a cent; there 's no illness because germs haven't a hope of surviving the cold of the Spitzbergen winter, and no newspapers to tell you that the international situation has worsened. What 's more, there 's no Iron Curtain up here. If you want to visit the Russians in their settlement eight miles along the fjord, well there 's nothing to stop you from hitching up your dog-team and going off for the day. And if you *do* decide to spend the day at Grumant, the Russians will fill you up with vodka and Crimean peaches and send you back with a crate of hard-frozen eggs."

Within an hour of my arrival in Longyearbyen I was told that the Russians are up to no good in Spitzbergen. The Norwegians pointed out that the colliers that steam into Ice Fjord from the Soviet Union are low in the water, and that when they pull out they are high in ballast. "In other words, they 're not taking coal *out* but bringing something *in*," they said with a meaning look. The implication is that the Russians are fortifying Spitzbergen. A trapper who spends his life sledging along the coast of this Haakon Balstad's "empire," arrives at Longyearbyen to report that a ship of unknown nationality is anchored in a distant and little-known fjord; and a Norwegian miner who has visited the Russians at their mining settlement of Grumant says: "The miners are all young men—of military age. Ja!"

But Governor Balstad has no comment to make. He says he doesn't know whether the Russians are up to any monkey business or not. It 's true enough that Spitzbergen is within eight hours' bombing-time of Canada's industrial settlements, and that it has a marked strategical purpose. But there 's nothing to show that the Russians are fortifying the islands, although, of course, they *could* well put them to some sort of military purpose without Balstad knowing. He visits all the settlements in turn every now and again, by dog-team in winter and by boat at this time of year. But then Spitzbergen is largely unexplored, and apart from the six settlements, uninhabited; and it would be possible to build an air base in its lonelier corners without the news getting out.

Balstad explains that the islands were handed over to Norway under the Paris Peace Treaty of 1920. "But the Russians have three mining concessions up here," he says, "and we Norwegians get on with them quite well."

Conversation turns to other problems arising from life in the polar regions. "We can get all the food we want—it 's delivered to you weekly by dog team or jeep from the warehouse down in the docks. Cigarettes cost 4½d. for 20 and they 've never been rationed. You can get all the coal you want; in fact, you can get almost anything you want in *any* quantities. But water—well, that's different. Everything's frozen, and gangs of men are kept busy summer and winter transporting ice from a glacier a couple of miles away to the water-tanks in the canteen and in the homes of the mine officials." Norway is desperately short of coal, and the three mines in Spitzbergen play an important part in her economy.

PART OF THE REBUILT MINERS' SETTLEMENT AT LONGYEAR: The rebuilding of the settlement for 1,000 workers was a huge task, as every nut and bolt and plank of wood had to be shipped through the pack-ice from Norway. The former buildings were burnt down by the Germans during the war. The miners' canteen fell down last September when hot water from the washing-up vats melted the frozen soil in which the foundations were laid. Thus a new canteen had to be built, complete with cinema, stage and billiards-room. A football club also functions at the settlement.

As the discussion continues the conversation again turns to *why* the Russians maintain their settlements in Spitzbergen. Whereas once these islands were important to the economy of Murmansk, to-day the new coal-fields at Pechora (near Murmansk) are delivering 7,000,000 tons of coal annually. "What therefore is the use of the 500,000 tons the Russians could get from their three small mines in Spitzbergen? The latter have no value to them now. The Russians stay on in Spitzbergen not because they want to mine coal but because the islands have a marked military value."

The Russian settlements are well built. Balstad says that the main buildings are of brick and concrete, lighted with electricity and centrally-heated. The men's barracks, are constructed of breeze-block made from clinker from the 500,000-ton "dump" of coal which the Germans fired during the war, and which is still burning. The offices in which mines manager Alexei Babad, who bosses the settlement, works, are comfortably furnished, and made of concrete. The Norwegian settlements are almost entirely wooden-built. The Norwegians are in radio communication with civilisation: but between November and April their only material contact with "the Outside" is the aircraft that drones through the night a few days before Christmas to parachute mail on to the solid-frozen ground surrounding Balstad's home.

In Spitzbergen your earnings are credited to your bank account in Norway, and if you want to buy anything you go to the offices of the mining company and get a credit. Your account is debited accordingly, and you trudge off to the "shop" to make your purchase. "It makes life very simple," says Haakon Balstad. "But then *life* up here near the North Pole is simple—here 's to it—*Ja. Skal!*"

FRANK ILLINGWORTH

MAGDALENE FJORD, SPITZBERGEN, POINT OF DEPARTURE FOR THE NORTH POLE BY WELLAND AND NORDENSKJOLD: The fjord is situated on the west coast and is very seldom visited, its only inhabitants being two Norwegian trappers, who "work" the ice-floes that grind along the coast and who hunt polar bears and seals and trap fox on the shores.

"KING" OF THE NORTH POLE: Haakon Balstad, the Norwegian Governor of Spitzbergen. Balstad, who is by profession a lawyer, spent the war in Britain as a member of the Free Norwegian Government. After the war he was sent to Spitzbergen as Governor. He and his wife now live in a wing of the radio station at Longyearbyen.

THEY CALLED IN THE FIRE BRIGADE TO HELP IN THE RECONDITIONING OF THIS BOEING SUPERFORTRESS : Aircraft mechanics at Sheppard Air Force Base, Wichita, Texas, repairing the tail unit of a giant B 29 with the help of the extending ladders of the Wichita Falls Fire Department. Such emergency measures have been necessary because numbers of Superfortresses are being brought out of pickle and are being prepared for service outside the hangars where the proper equipment is available.

ENTER THE SQUARE PARACHUTE

AND OTHER UNUSUAL DEVELOPMENTS IN AVIATION

THIS SQUARE CARGO PARACHUTE CAN DELIVER 500 LB. OF FREIGHT FROM A PLANE TRAVELLING AT 175 M.P.H. : The parachute was recently tried out with success at the Wright-Patterson Air Force Base at Dayton, Ohio. The chute is made from strips of cotton muslin and replaces the old 24-ft. rayon cargo chute which had a capacity of only 300 lb. Added strength, it is said, comes from the parachute's unique strip design and also from the square formation.

On left—

THIS PLANE CAN LAND ANYWHERE : This Piper Cub at the Urbe Airport, Rome, is being used to demonstrate what is the first successful adaptation of the caterpillar track to a light aircraft, permitting it to land on any ground even though no landing facilities exist. The Bonmartini Tubular Track Landing Gear, or B.T.T.G. as it is called, has been developed by Count Giovanni Bonmartini, inventor and former newspaper publisher. With the B.T.T.G., neither rough, uneven fields nor mud will prevent a pilot from making a safe emergency landing. The new device can be adapted to any size aircraft with retractable or fixed gear, and it can be mass manufactured. Count Bonmartini says that his invention will make it possible for troops and equipment to be landed anywhere inside enemy territory. It may also prove the means of saving many lives during war when troops have to be evacuated from forward areas where there is no suitable ground for landing, or where airfields have been destroyed. The Piper Cub is seen in this picture surmounting a pile of stones during a demonstration.

THREE OF AMERICA'S FOUR NEW EXPERIMENTAL MOTOR TORPEDO-BOATS IN SINGLE LINE AHEAD DURING TRIALS OFF THE COAST OF VIRGINIA: In the van is No. 809, built by the Electric Boat Company, of Groton, and following behind are the 810, built by Bath Ironworks Corporation, and 811, built by John Trumpy and Sons, Annapolis. The fourth new vessel, which is not seen in these pictures, is the 812, built by the Philadelphia Naval Shipyard. All four vessels are of different design and from them the U.S. Navy Department will probably choose a new prototype for the service, taking the place of the old P.T. boats already discarded.

THE NEW ALUMINIUM P.T. BOATS TRAVELLING AT SPEED: The experimental craft under test off the Virginian coast. Few details have been released regarding these boats, and it will be some time before any decision is made on production.

UNCLE SAM TRIES OUT THE LITTLE SHIPS

New Motor Torpedo-Boats in Action off the Virginian Coast

P.T. boats of the United States Navy first b into the headlines after Pearl Harbour, wh squadron of these craft attacked Japanese naval fo in the Philippines. During the Pacific War P.T.s carried out harrying tactics with great suc roaring into half-protected ports, loosing th torpedoes, and roaring out again before the en had time to retaliate. After the war America s carded all her little ships, just keeping a few instructional purposes. She is attempting s however, to evolve a new and improved design, with that end in view is trying out four models built by different companies along slightly differ lines. One of the contractors is the Electric B Company, which built so many of the former at their New Jersey yard, and their new de No. 809, is seen among the group in the series pictures on these pages. Britain is also experim with little ships, and only recently there was news most interesting exercise off the East Coast, Felixstowe, when a test was made of oper efficiency when directed from a mobile camp.

P.T. NO. 811 RUNS HER TRIALS—THE ALUMINIUM MOTOR TORPEDO-BOAT BUILT BY JOHN TRUMPY AND SONS IS SEEN (*above and on right*) AS SHE SPED ACROSS THE WATER WITH ENGINES AT FULL POWER: Quick-firing guns are mounted fore and aft, and the armament also includes torpedo tubes. The mast is of lattice-work construction.

NO. 810, A BOWS-ON VIEW OF THE NEW ALUMINIUM BOAT BUILT BY THE BATH IRON-WORKS CORPORATION: It has greater fire power than any P.T. boat which has so far been in service. America has lately discarded all her old torpedo-boats, keeping four, P.T.s 613, 616, 619 and 620, for instructional purposes until the new class comes into being. The old boats, with their Packard engines, were capable of 41 knots.

Marlborough House Chapel is Restored

THE REDEDICATION OF THE WAR-DAMAGED SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LONDON CHAPEL

THE ORGAN LOFT IN THE REOPENED QUEEN'S CHAPEL: By permission of Queen Alexandra the chapel was used for many years as the Danish Church in London.

THE ROYAL PEW: This is situated at the back of the chapel and forms an "ante-room" in the gallery. The arms seen over the fireplace is that of Catherine of Braganza. The picture below was taken from the choir stalls and shows the position of the pew with its three "windows." A few churches in England still retain this type of pew, which is the outcome of the old chancel chapels or parlour pews, the special enclosures to which notable families or members of a guild were admitted. One such example is at Gosfield, Essex.

THE RESTORATION OF THE BOMB-DAMAGED QUEEN'S CHAPEL AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, THE OFFICIAL LONDON RESIDENCE OF QUEEN MARY: An exterior view of the chapel in the grounds of Marlborough House, which was rededicated at a service conducted by Dr. Wand, Bishop of London and Dean of the Chapels Royal, on April 24. The chapel has been restored and renovated after being severely damaged by bomb blast. By coincidence, April 24 marked the 1,327th anniversary of the death of Mellitus, first Bishop of London and third Archbishop of Canterbury. Queen's Chapel, sometimes known as Marlborough House Chapel, was designed by Inigo Jones in 1623 and completed in 1627. Charles I originally planned it for his intended bride, the Infanta of Spain. It was ultimately opened for the King's consort, Henrietta Maria. The chapel, which was once connected with St. James's Palace, has a private entrance from Marlborough House. During the repair of the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, services are being held at the Queen's Chapel.

THE VIEW FROM THE CHAPEL'S ROYAL PEW, LOOKING TOWARDS THE ALTAR AND SHOWING THE GILDED CEILING: The painting, which forms the reredos over the altar, is of the Holy Family with St. Catherine and the infant St. John the Baptist. It was painted by Parmenagio in 1540. The restoration of the chapel has included repairs to the roof, ceiling and walls. The chapel pews have been resited and new carpets have been laid down. Queen Mary, who has taken a great interest in the work of restoration, was not present at the rededication service.

THE "ROYAL IRIS" READY TO RUN HER TRIALS: **The new luxury ferry-boat, built to carry 2,500 passengers at a time between Liverpool and Wallasey, has just been completed at William Denny and Brothers yard at Dumbarton, and she has been undergoing her trials in the Gareloch.** It was arranged that the *Royal Iris* should leave the Clyde for the Mersey on April 27, but much depended upon her having fair weather for her trip on the Irish Sea. One of the great features of the ferry-boat is her spacious centrally-placed dance floor (inset on left), which covers an area of 60 ft. by 45 ft. and has no obstructing pillars. The ferry-boat is equipped with four 540-h.p. diesel electric engines which drive the 700-ton craft at 12 knots. The engine installation has been carried out by Ruston and Hornsby of Lincoln, and embodies such new features as a cork-seated base for the engines and rubber-cased retaining bolts. The engine-room is as near as possible free of vibration.

"ROYAL IRIS," the FERRY-BOAT with a DANCE HALL: *A New Addition to the Mersey Fleet*

A GUNBOAT for the AMAZON FLEET

On right—

HALFWAY DOWN THE SLIPS SHE STOPPED: The Peruvian gunboat *Marañon* seen after she had at length reached the water following the launching ceremony from Thornycroft's yard at Woolston, Southampton. The *Marañon* was delayed for forty minutes on the slips, but the efforts of workmen in the yard and at different times of a launch and three tugs, eventually got her safely into the waters of the River Itchen. Señora Olinda de Barreto, wife of Commander J. Barreto, inspecting officer of the Peruvian Navy, carried out the launching ceremony, acting as proxy for the wife of the Peruvian Minister of Marine. The *Marañon*, sister-ship of the *Ucayali*, recently launched, is a shallow-draught gunboat for service on the Amazon and tributaries. She is of 350 tons displacement and 154 ft. long. Both vessels will make the trip to Peru under their own power. At the present time the Upper Amazon Flotilla of the Peruvian Navy consists of six river gunboats, *Amazonas*, *Loreto*, *Napo*, *America*, *Coronel Portillo* and *Iquitos*. The last-named is a real veteran, having been built in 1875 and rebuilt in 1896.

THE BURTONWOOD AIR BASE IS LAID OUT IN A SERIES OF NEIGHBOURHOOD UNITS: This is the neat approach to site No. 5, with flower-beds setting off the white-painted huts. Each site has its own chapel, cinema and mess halls. Burtonwood, just outside Warrington, Lancs., and situated 184 miles from London, is the main supply depot for the ten operational air bases which the United States Air Force has established in Britain, for the most part in East Anglia. Altogether it serves the needs, directly and indirectly, of 14,000 Americans now stationed over here.

DOMESTIC AND COMMUNAL LIFE AT THE BURTONWOOD BASE: *Left*—Bobby, aged two, comes to say good-night to his father, Technical Sergeant William H. Hartzler, of Goodland, Kansas, in the living-room of the Hartzlers' temporary home at the base. Also in the picture are Mrs. Ruth Hartzler and a neighbour. All married N.C.O.s live in Nissen huts, which have been converted into delightful homes. *Right*—Bingo Night (Friday night) in the Officers' Club at Burtonwood. Bingo is a kind of housey-housey gambling game. The prizes are usually very substantial.

HOPALONG CASSIDY SETS THE FASHION TREND AT THE BURTONWOOD DEPENDANTS' SCHOOL: The sons of American flying men at the Lancashire base seen in their cowboy outfits. They are obviously fascinated by the corgi runabouts used by two of the older boys who have a long ride home after school, one of them living five miles away, and another eight miles away. The school is run on the lines of an ordinary American elementary school.

LITTLE AMERICA IN BRITAIN

LIFE AT THE BURTONWOOD BASE, LANCA SHIRE, WHICH SUPPLIES THE TEN BRITIS OPERATIONAL BASES OF THE U.S. AIR FORC

"THE Yanks are back," people are saying to a another in Britain. Unobtrusively, the U.S. Arm and Air Force have been moving back into Britai where the public has been noticing the familia symptoms of a new G.I. invasion. Garages in sleep villages, near formerly neglected airfields, wake u to find they can hire out twice as many cars in a da as they once did in a week. A placid market town fin its solitary snack-bar beginning to look like somethi from a Hollywood movie, swarming with uniform The owner of a one-man pants-pressing busine suddenly finds that he has a gold mine on his hand instead. The answer is simple: 14,000 Americans ar back in Britain, occupying ten air bases scatter across the country.

Nobody saw them coming, and most Englishme could not say just why they have come. "There wa no formal arrangement between the Governments explained an American officer. "We were tol 'Come over—we're pleased to have you,' and ove we came."

The Americans are on a training mission, part of world-wide "Mobility Plan" worked out by the U.S Strategic Air Command. In 1951, the U.S.A.F. must be a world-wide force, with flying experience under every conceivable condition in every corner of the glob Under the Mobility Plan, bomber groups come to England on rotation for three months' intensive training, which includes five days' flying per week not only all over Western Europe, but even as far afield as Africa and the Arctic. The network of American bases keeps a weather-watch on the whole of the Northern Hemisphere, and the operational crews gain experience of everything from radar-bombing, to air-refuelling and avoiding fighter interception by British and other countries' air forces.

To take the squadrons of B 50's, the post-war version of the wartime Superfort, airfields have been extended, new roads built, and all the amenities which the G.I. expects are being provided.

Nowhere are the results of this new-style American invasion more impressive than at Burtonwood, home of the 59th Air Depot Wing, which acts as Supply and Maintenance Depot to all the bases of the Third Air Division in the United Kingdom.

Two-and-a-half years ago an advance party of five officers and twenty-five men arrived to "re-activate" Burtonwood, in preparation for the arrival of the 59th Air Depot Wing towards the end of 1948. Although it had been an important R.A.F. station during the war, Burtonwood had fallen into some disrepair. The Americans described it as a junk yard, littered with dilapidated, windowless Nissen huts, and in use not as an airfield but as a Ministry of Supply store dump for whalemeat (to make fertiliser, not food).

When the main Air Force contingent began to arrive in increasing numbers—men brought in on temporary duty from all parts—they had little understanding of what they were doing in England. Burtonwood had a first-class morale problem, and the situation was soon reflected in happenings in the nearby industrial town of Warrington. Fights would break

On left—AT BURTONWOOD MARRIED MEN DO THE SHOPPING FOR THEIR WIVES BY CALLING AT THE COMMISSARY ON THEIR WAY HOME AT LUNCH-TIME: Every kind of food, mostly American, is displayed. Customers help themselves.

Above—THE FOUR-CHAIR BARBER'S SHOP IN BURTONWOOD POST EXCHANGE IS BUSIEST ON A SATURDAY, WHEN MEN GET "SPRUCED UP" BEFORE SETTING OUT FOR LOCAL TOWNS: A haircut costs 25 cents, low by American standards, but higher than in Widnes.

out in the pubs, and local citizens got a wrong impression of the returning G.I.s. Burtonwood got a bad Press.

The work of transforming the station into a model Air Force base had only begun when the Berlin airlift gave Burtonwood a new mission, the servicing of United States lift planes. C 54's were flown back from Germany for a 200-hour maintenance check; after the big lift got rolling, Burtonwood handled eighteen C 54's a day. In the midst of the lift, the first wives and children began to arrive from the States.

To-day Burtonwood is back at its main task—maintenance of planes and supply for the 14,000 Air Force men in Britain. Where there was nothing, there now sprawls a 15-sq.-mile base, a community of 4,200 men and 1,700 dependants, a complete town with its own factories, public services and amenities, providing employment for 1,600 local civilians.

When British people visit the base (8,000 were invited last year to make "goodwill" tours) they rub their eyes at this astonishing American town, which has mushroomed into being on the industrial Lancashire landscape. Burtonwood has practically everything. Divided into six sites, the station boasts five chapels, three cinemas (showing the latest films), three fire stations, a court room, an hotel, a 200-bed hospital (with five dentists, eight doctors), a nursery, a beauty parlour, a Washeteria, a dependants' school, and shops of all kinds. There are baseball and basketball teams (the "Burtonwood Bullets"), an American youth centre and a Boy Scout troop. Officers, N.C.O.s and other ranks have their own lavishly appointed clubs and restaurants, and there are six snack bars, gleaming with chromium.

On the business side, Burtonwood has hangars, workshops and assembly shops, and scores of huge warehouses, stocked with food, clothing, equipment and spares. At least ninety days' supplies for the U.S. Air Force and Army, and some Naval supplies, are kept in stock. All food sold in restaurants, or from the commissary or post exchange, comes from the States, with the exception of vegetables, bought locally, and milk products, which are flown in from Holland. The shops sell, or can get, anything that Macy's or Sears Roebuck have ever thought of, and have stocks of British export goods, not available in Britain.

Out of 300 officers, 207 have their wives and families with them, as do 713 airmen—a total of 920 families. They live mostly in Nissen huts, converted into luxurious homes such as their designer never dreamed of, equipped with all the labour-saving devices of modern American life. "Little America" pays for everything in dollar scrip, and prices are comparable to those in the States.

There is no doubt that the airmen like being in England. A few who served in Britain during the war tried to get back; the majority, here for the first time, are glad to stay at Burtonwood. A private, first class, earns about 90 dollars (£30) a week; a technical sergeant, at least 170 dollars. With a fair rate of exchange, and much lower living costs in Britain, small wonder that many G.I.s are thinking of coming back one day to settle in England and open pubs or garages.

The rumbles of discord which marked the re-opening of Burtonwood are forgotten now. Under the guiding hands of Brig.-General Robert C. Oliver, Burtonwood has model relations with the surrounding countryside. Friends from as far afield as Manchester and Liverpool are invited to functions at the base, and the airmen in turn receive hospitality from many local clubs, including famous golf courses.

Roger Wood

IN THE BURTONWOOD NEIGHBOURHOOD UNITS N.C.O.s LIVE IN THESE NISSEN HUTS, TAKEN OVER FROM THE BRITISH AS BARE BUNKHOUSES: Note the line of cars, one outside each house. Emerging from their home are Technical Sergeant William H. Hartzler, his wife Ruth, and their two-year-old son, Bobby. The American officers and N.C.O.s are allowed to buy British cars at current export prices.

TEACHING THE RUDIMENTS OF ENGLISH HISTORY: Mrs. Vivian Brown, wife of Captain de Peyster Brown, an officer at Burtonwood, is instructing her class of twelve-year-olds at Burtonwood Elementary School. The questions on the board refer to the Anglo-Saxon period, and Alfred the Great. The same text-books are used in all the schools run at bases in England, Germany and elsewhere, so that children who move about with their parents have the benefit of continuity. There are 211 pupils at Burtonwood school.

A MOUNTAIN BEAVER COAT, PRICED AT 995 DOLLARS, IS DISPLAYED AT THE FASHION SHOW: This particular show at Burtonwood was staged by a Southport fur company, and after it was over the furs were put on sale, less purchase tax. Both N.C.O.s and officers are buyers because pay in the U.S. Air Force is good, and by British standards it is enormous. Even a private gets £30 a week, while a technical sergeant gets double that.

FROM LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

Britain's New Standard Locomotives; The Return of Princess Elizabeth; The Duchess of Kent at Portsmouth; The Appeal for the London Philharmonic

"BRITANNIA" RIDES THE RAILS—NO. 70000, IN ITS SHINING COAT OF DARK GREEN, WITH BLACK AND ORANGE LINING, GOES INTO SERVICE, THE FIRST OF BRITISH RAILWAYS' STANDARD LOCOMOTIVES IN ACTION: No. 70000, which has been named *Britannia*, is seen hauling the *Norfolkman* from Liverpool Street, London, to Norwich. This picture was taken from the footplate, when the train was travelling at speed near Ipswich. This engine is the largest of twelve types which are to be standardised by the Railway Executive. The first fifteen locomotives of the Britannia class are going to the Eastern Region, and the remainder of this year's output will go to the Western Region. The weight of *Britannia*, together with tender, is 140 tons.

PRELUDE TO AN INLAND VOYAGE—MISS FRANCES DAY, WHO CUT THE TAPE TO START THE BOATS ON THEIR WAY, SEEN IN THE BOWS OF ONE OF THE TWO CANAL BOATS BEFORE LEAVING LAPWORTH, NEAR BIRMINGHAM, FOR LONDON: On St. George's Day the canal boats *Antries* and *Ivy* set out on a 130-mile, seven-day voyage by inland waterways to Lambeth, where they are to be moored during the Festival of Britain at the South Bank pier. The boats—officially known as "narrow boats" not barges—have been provided at the request of the Festival Director, Mr. Gerald Barry, by the Inland Waterways Association, because in size and design they are unique to Britain. The crews at the start of the voyage included Mr. Ralph Rordyce Aikman, Chairman of the Inland Waterways Association; and Lord Geoffrey Percy, of Severn Wildfowl Trust.

MOTHER AND SON—PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT LONDON AIRPORT WITH PRINCE CHARLES, WHO WAS THERE TO GREET HER ON HER RETURN FROM ROME IN A VIKING OF THE KING'S FLIGHT: When the Viking put down on the tarmac Prince Charles was taken into the aircraft by his nurse, Miss Helen Lightbody. It was the first time he had seen an aircraft on the ground, and a few minutes later, smiling delightedly, he reappeared with his mother. Prince Charles smiled at the aircrew who were lined up outside the machine and, a few moments later, waved to the crowd as, seated on Princess Elizabeth's knee, he drove off to Clarence House.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT PAYS A VISIT TO H.M.S. "SHEFFIELD," WHICH SHE LAUNCHED ON THE TYNE IN 1937: The Duchess talking to Petty Officer Lucas when inspecting a 6-in. gun turret in the course of her visit to the cruiser at Portsmouth. After two years in dockyard the *Sheffield* is again ready for service. She will take the King and Queen to Belfast on their visit to Northern Ireland in June. Because of the loss of the submarine *Affray* the Duchess of Kent's visit to the *Sheffield* was of a private nature. The orders which had been given for ships to dress overall and for Royal salutes to be fired were cancelled.

QUEEN MARY AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF NURSING: Her Majesty with some of the nurses and matrons who presented her with purses and progress reports on behalf of the Royal College of Nursing Educational Fund.

TELEVISION PROGRAMME FOR MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT: This act, given by cabaret star Kay Thompson and, from left to right, Buzz Miller, George Martin and Jonathan Lucas, was part of a special programme which was relayed on a closed circuit to television sets in a committee room of the House of Commons. The programme was watched by members of the Parliamentary and Scientific Committee. The demonstration was requested by the Committee in view of the proposed debate on the Beveridge Report on Broadcasting which had called for the rejection of sponsored radio and television. The programme, televised from a London studio, included mock advertising items in order to demonstrate the idea of sponsored television.

AFTER WEEKS OF RAIN AND BAD WEATHER THE FARMERS MAKE THE MOST OF THE BETTER DAYS AND NIGHTS: Farmer Ted Palmer, of Callisham Farm, Meavy, Dartmoor, sows his spring corn by the light of a car's headlamps. Like other farmers throughout the country he was making most of the better late-April weather. The warmer weather, however, did not please all land workers, for the wind and sunshine soon began drying the land, making it unworkable.

THE APPEAL ON BEHALF OF THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—THE ALBERT HALL CONCERT GIVEN IN AID OF FUNDS FOR THE ORCHESTRA: The appeal has been made necessary in view of the London County Council's decision to withdraw their £25,000 grant from the Orchestra. They claim that sponsored concerts at the Royal Festival Hall would represent a bigger contribution to London music and that it would have been a mistake for the Council at this early stage to have embarked on a permanent orchestra in connection with the concert hall. *On left*—At the Albert Hall concert were from left to right: Robert Speaight; Sir Adrian Boult; Dame Myra Hess; Mr. David Wise (leader of the London Philharmonic), and Mr. Frederic Jackson (the L.P.O. choir master). *On right*—Robert Speaight is seen making the appeal for £15,000. He spoke of the Orchestra's past achievements and of the London Philharmonic Choir, which has in recent years been formed to aid the Orchestra's activities.

AFTER SIX MONTHS OF NEGOTIATIONS—THE CONCLUSION OF THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON TARIFF AND TRADE AT TORQUAY, DEVON: The United Kingdom delegate, Sir Stephen Holmes, speaking at the conclusion of the Conference which opened on September 28 last year. The Conference ended with the signing of four documents embodying the result of more than six months of negotiations. One of the four documents, known as the Torquay Protocol to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, gives the results of the negotiations between the twenty-five countries which had already agreed to the terms of G.A.T.T. at the two earlier Conferences at Geneva and Annecy, and the seven countries which are taking part in the agreement for the first time. The full details of the tariff concessions will not be made known until next week. During the course of the Conference the United Kingdom arranged new agreements with countries which include Denmark, France, Norway, Sweden, Austria, Germany, Peru and Turkey. Mr. L. Dana Wilgress, the Chairman of the contracting parties to G.A.T.T., said that owing to the present state of scarcity in some trades and to other inflationary influences, the results of the Conference were not as great as many had expected.

A GUEST OF THE GOVERNMENT—THE AUSTRIAN FOREIGN MINISTER ARRIVES IN LONDON TO DISCUSS TREATY NEGOTIATIONS: Dr. Karl Gruber and his wife arrive at London Airport at the start of an official three-day visit as guests of the British Government. Dr. Gruber said he had come to discuss treaty negotiations with Britain's Foreign Minister and the present international problems concerning raw materials. During Dr. Gruber's stay in this country Mr. Morrison gave a dinner in his honour.

Paradise Among the Islands of Queensland

THE LURE OF SUN-DRENCHED SANDS AND ISLANDS REMOTE FROM THE 8.15 TO TOWN

The fascination of islands requires no stressing. If they are sun-drenched and with golden sand they are all the more compelling, and their lure for the escapist on the 8.15 to town on a grey morning can be almost irresistible.

In Australia such Elysian spots exist in their thousands, particularly behind the protecting wall of the Great Barrier Reef on the Queensland coast, and there must have been many heart-searchings among those who are city-pent when they read recently in the Brisbane and Sydney morning newspapers of three such islands that were for sale. None of these islands was exactly in the beach-combing class, neither are many of the resorts which have begun to grow up along the Queensland shore, notably at Royal Hayman, whither the escapist can be conveyed from Sydney in all the luxurious comfort of a modern flying-boat. Dunk Island, for instance, was advertised for sale at no less than £A80,000. This island, about 80 miles south of Cairns and actually in the tropics, has excellent hotel facilities, including electricity laid on.

Then there is Garden Island, near Brisbane, only 1½ miles from the mainland. This has two semi-furnished houses, farming equipment and a romantic history thrown in, all for £A9,500.

St. Bees, 20 miles from Mackay, near the start of the Great Barrier Reef, was even more of a bargain, a furnished house, a 35-ft. deep-sea fishing ketch, 300 sheep, a few cattle and horses, a private beach and plenty of fresh water being offered for £A6,500. Surely a bargain for any escapist armed with a little capital?

Dunk Island has been famous ever since the original settler, an English-born journalist named Edmund Banfield, wrote his *Confessions of a Beachcomber* in 1908. Banfield went from Townsville, North Queensland, to live on Dunk Island in 1897 and died there in 1923. For the first seven years he and his wife, Bertha, lived alone on the island, but in 1904 an Irishwoman friend came along to help with the chores.

The little paradise that is Dunk Island measures 3 miles long, a mile wide, has hills and valleys, headlands, beaches, forest and arable land to grow papaws, pine-apples, passion-fruit, water melons, nuts and vegetables.

Banfield's story set the world starry-eyed. Hundreds of people wrote asking if they could join his colony of three, and several made their way there without invitation. But the Utopia-crashers left soon afterwards, when they found the Banfields were actually hard workers who had no place for lotus-eaters at their table.

The next occupants were an elegant couple named Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Brassey, who also achieved a lot of prominence, particularly in London newspapers. Brassey modernised the estate and eventually turned the island into a popular tourist resort. Far from being the permanent "back to nature" type, the Brasseys were familiar figures among the socialites of Brisbane during their spells away from the island.

There are dozens of beautiful islands along the Queensland coast, but most of them have been developed as truly-idyllic tourist resorts. "Beachcombers" there would have to eke out a living by contributing to the upkeep of the tourist trade. Most of the remaining islets, and they are legion, are merely scrub-covered, waterless hillocks dotting the tropic sea.

Alive to the possibilities of the area, mail from hopeful folk all over the world drops regularly into the Queensland Lands Department's bag, but the Department has a stock reply: Barrier Reef islands, except for a few under freehold, are all declared national parks.

THEY CALL IT "DAY-DREAM ISLAND": This islet, typical of thousands along the Australian coast, notably the East Queensland shore, is now a tourist resort, a paradise for the escapist. Only recently attention was drawn to such haunts of the beachcomber when Brisbane and Sydney estate agents offered three islands for sale in public advertisements.

DUNK ISLAND, ON THE NORTH QUEENSLAND COAST: It is now a tourist resort, but has been famous ever since the original settler, an English-born journalist, Edmund Banfield, wrote his *Confessions of a Beachcomber* in 1908. Dunk Island, with its dance hall and its hotel, was recently offered for sale.

SPEAR FISHING IN THE CLEAR REACHES BEHIND THE GREAT BARRIER REEF ON THE COAST OF QUEENSLAND: A proud hunter is displaying a ray which had evidently basked too long in the sun-warmed shallows. The fishermen are guests at the Royal Hayman Hotel, luxury resort on the Barrier Reef, which is six hours by flying-boat from Sydney. The fishermen are equipped with masks and breathing tubes to enable them to remain below the surface.

WITHIN THE PROTECTING WALL OF THE GREAT BARRIER REEF—THE ROYAL HAYMAN HOTEL ON THE QUEENSLAND COAST, A LUXURY RESORT WHICH HAS BEEN LINKED BY FLYING-BOAT WITH SYDNEY: The hotel and its chalets nestle among the trees at the foot of well-timbered slopes. The resort has been established by Ansett Transport Industries, who have spared no cost in making a luxury spot where sun, sea and sand are the principal ingredients of enjoyment, but where the amenities of civilisation are ready to hand.

THE RECOVERY OF CARDINAL GRIFFIN

The Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster Walks Once Again in the Grounds of Archbishop's House

IN THE GROUNDS OF ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER: His Eminence Cardinal Bernard Griffin, Birmingham-born Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, seen in conversation with Monseigneur Warlock when they strolled together in the spring sunshine. Cardinal Griffin (who is seen also in the picture on the right) is making good progress after a grave illness, and has been going for a motor drive in London almost every afternoon. In February, it may be remembered, the Last Sacraments were administered. The Cardinal was suffering from high blood pressure and a serious heart affliction. Now he is able to celebrate mass privately in Archbishop's House, adjoining Westminster Cathedral, and to walk in the grounds without the use of a stick. It is not known at the time of writing, when the Cardinal will return to full duties as Archbishop of Westminster. Cardinal Griffin was born in Birmingham in 1899. He was educated at the English College and Beda College, Rome, and ordained priest in 1924. One of his first important posts in the Catholic Church was as Secretary to the Archbishop of Birmingham.

ROME'S 2,679TH ANNIVERSARY

On right—

CELEBRATING THE 2,679TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF ROME BY ROMULUS: 1,250 choirboys, drawn from all the schools of Rome, sang folk-songs outside the Capitoline in Capitoline Square during the city's celebrations on April 21. The Palace, once the citadel of ancient Rome and the symbol of its power, is now the seat of the town offices. On the left is the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. Rome was first established on the Palatine Hill and was built by Romulus and his brother Remus, after they had reinstated their mother's father Numitor, as King of Alba Longo. Rome did not become the capital of a United Italy until 1871.

BATH ABBEY, RISING ABOVE THE PARADE GARDENS ALONGSIDE THE RIVER AVON, WHERE THE BATH ASSEMBLY OF 1951 WILL BE INAUGURATED ON SUNDAY, MAY 20: A week later there will be an open-air service for all denominations in the Parade Gardens, the Bishop of Bath and Wells and the Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council being present. The Abbey Church of St. Peter and St. Paul occupies the site of earlier Saxon and Norman churches, founded in connection with a seventh-century convent. The present cruciform building dates from the fifteenth century, being a singularly pure and ornate example of late Perpendicular work. From the number of its windows it has been called "The Lantern of the West," and especially noteworthy is the great west window, with seven lights, and flanking turrets on which are carved figures of angels on Jacob's Ladder.

The Festival Year Assembly a

BATH

A City of Fine Buildings and Terraced Beauty which will Begin its Celebrations on May 20

When Beau Nash, that adventurer of doubt antecedents and impeccable good ta went to Bath in the eighteenth century established himself as Master of Ceremo Bath entered upon its Golden Age, wh was to last a century and more; and so fashi able did the place become that Lady Mar Wortley Montague wrote in 1783: "All t polite and the gallant are either gone or preparing for Bath." In fact, to go elsewh seemed almost a social sin.

Between the wars the West Country revived some of its ancient glories with restoration of the old Assembly Rooms; th same rooms where the heroines of Georg romance danced and took tea, and wh Mr. Pickwick in the 1820's took refuge follow the ordeal of his trial.

In 1942 the Assembly Rooms were co pletely gutted by enemy action; but even th did not damp the spirit of Georgian revival in Bath, and in April 1948 Bath was the s of an Assembly and Festival of Arts wh recalled much of the greatness and splendour her past. In this Festival year Bath again le the way, the Bath Assembly of 1951, wh opens on May 20, being the first major provinc event of the Festival of Britain.

As a symbol for the Festival, Bath has ch the bronze head of the goddess Minerva, wh formed part of the decoration of the ba 2,000 years ago. It was unearthed in 172 now adorns the Pump Room.

BOND STREET, BATH, A LITTLE SHOPPING PRECINCT DESIGNED IN GEORGIAN DAYS AT THE FOOT OF FAMED MILSOM STREET: Bow windows and old iron-work lend charm to this part of Bath. It is said that Sir Walter Elliot, an impoverished Somerset landowner, father of the insufferable Elizabeth Elliot, once stood in a shop in Bond Street counting the women go by "one after another, without there being a tolerable face among them." Those who know Bath stoutly affirm that Sir Walter, if he could, would do far better in this Festival year if he returned to his ancient vantage point.

A LITTLE-NOTICED CURIOSITY IN OLD BATH—THE HOUSE OVER THE ROADWAY AT TRIM BRIDGE, LOOKING DOWN QUEEN STREET TO TRIM STREET: Built by George Trim in 1717, the bridge and brook it once spanned have both gone, but St. John's Gateway remains one of the many picturesque features of old Bath. There are several houses in Trim Street, also in Lilliput Alley and Saw Close, planned on the strictest classical model.

PULTENEY BRIDGE STILL RETAINS ITS HOUSES AND SHOPS: Many visitors pass over the br unaware that the River Avon flows beneath, as the buildings from Great Pulteney St continue without a break. Designed by Robert Adam and built in 1770, the bridge been scheduled as a national monument. The bridge, named after Sir William Pulte landowner of part of the city, consists of three high segmental arches of equal sp The main cornice runs from end to end of the bridge, broken only at the central wind

Quite apart from the special arrangements for the Bath Assembly, and they are upon an elaborate scale this year, with a Gainsborough Exhibition, an Assembly Masked Ball and a West Country's Writers' Congress among the highlights, Bath also offers the visitor the attractions of its own magnificent architecture, its superbly planted terraces that pay tribute to the genius of the Woods. No less attractive, perhaps, are its byways and alleyways, the old Pulteney Bridge, Ralph Allen's Town House, and the hundred-and-one picturesque doorways and balconies that belong to the Bath of Beau Nash, of Smollett and Sheridan, of Jane Austen.

Some of the pictures on these pages pay tribute to the unfading charms of Bath, which seems to have emerged to such a remarkable degree from the three devastating Bædeker raids during two nights, April 25 and 26, 1942. On those nights over 400 people lost their lives, more than 1,000 buildings were destroyed, and 17,000 were seriously damaged; but the great bulk of the Georgian architecture, the principal public and historic buildings, with the exception of the Assembly Rooms, were undamaged. Bath was more fortunate than many cities and towns. She housed the Admiralty throughout the war, just as neighbouring Cheltenham housed the War Office, and Luftwaffe visitations were naturally to be expected.

It was really five men, all men of exceptional qualities, who made eighteenth-century Bath what it was, and whose influence persists to-day. First and foremost was the great Beau Nash, that arbiter of elegance. Then there was Dr. William Oliver, the most eminent physician in the Queen of Watering Places; Ralph Allen, the Mæcenas of Prior Park, who invented ingenious devices for exploiting the rich stone quarries; and the two Woods, who in their creation of the Crescents, gave Bath her crowning glory. Wherever one may go in Bath to-day the impact of those five is in some way felt. On the other hand, the more recent impact of the Luftwaffe is already growing remote, for Bath, which bore her scars of war so bravely, has made haste also to obliterate them.

THE PANORAMA FROM PRIOR PARK, BATH: From the terrace of the beautiful mansion built for Ralph Allen by John Wood the Elder in 1735-43, is this vista down the grass lawns to the Palladian Bridge. Beyond is the centre of the City of Bath, with the Somerset hills in the far distance. Ralph Allen, the Mæcenas of the eighteenth century, gathered round him at Prior Park the leading figures in the kingdom of art, literature and politics, extending a vast and kindly hospitality. Alexander Pope became a bosom friend of Allen, regularly visiting Prior Park between 1736 and 1743, while it was there that the great actor Garrick met his old rival Quin. Gainsborough was a frequent visitor, as also was William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, the Great Commoner.

WIDCOMBE MANOR, BATH, THE HOME OF NOVELIST HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL: Widcombe Manor was built in 1727, on the site of an earlier house, by Philip Bennet, M.P. for Bath. Fielding often visited the manor and wrote part of *Tom Jones* there. Fielding was also a visitor to neighbouring Prior Park and portrayed his host, Ralph Allen, as the Squire Allworthy. The old church near Widcombe Manor is dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket.

A HOUSE IN "T CIRCUS," ONE OF THE GREATEST WORKS OF E ELDER WOOD, DATED 1754-64: Eminent do s now occupy many of these gracious Georgian ho s, hence the nickname "the pillbox" which has b given to The Circus. Among celebrated reside of the past were William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, C of India, Gainsborough and Burke.

RALPH ALLEN'S HOUSE IN THE CITY OF BATH: Hidden from view and reached by a narrow court off Lilliput Alley, it was once acclaimed as a masterpiece of classical architecture. When first erected it had two wings, a big garden in front and a beautiful view of the hills. Now only the central façade remains.

LANSDOWN CRESCENT, THE LOFTIEST SITUATION IN BATH, THE NEXT TIER ON THE HILLSIDE ABOVE THE ROYAL CRESCENT, GIVING WONDERFUL VIEWS ACROSS THE SOMERSET COUNTRYSIDE: Lansdown Crescent was built by John Palmer. Much of the handsome ironwork of the Georgian age survives, including cressets over the pathway. John Palmer also built the quiet and dignified St. James's Square and finished the Pump Room. Lansdown Crescent rather lacks the inspiration of Bath's Royal Crescent, but it is none the less a remarkable piece of work. It belongs to an age of uncompromising classicism, evidence that the ancient world still exercised an important sway over the minds of men.

BUNYAN INSPIRES AN OPERA

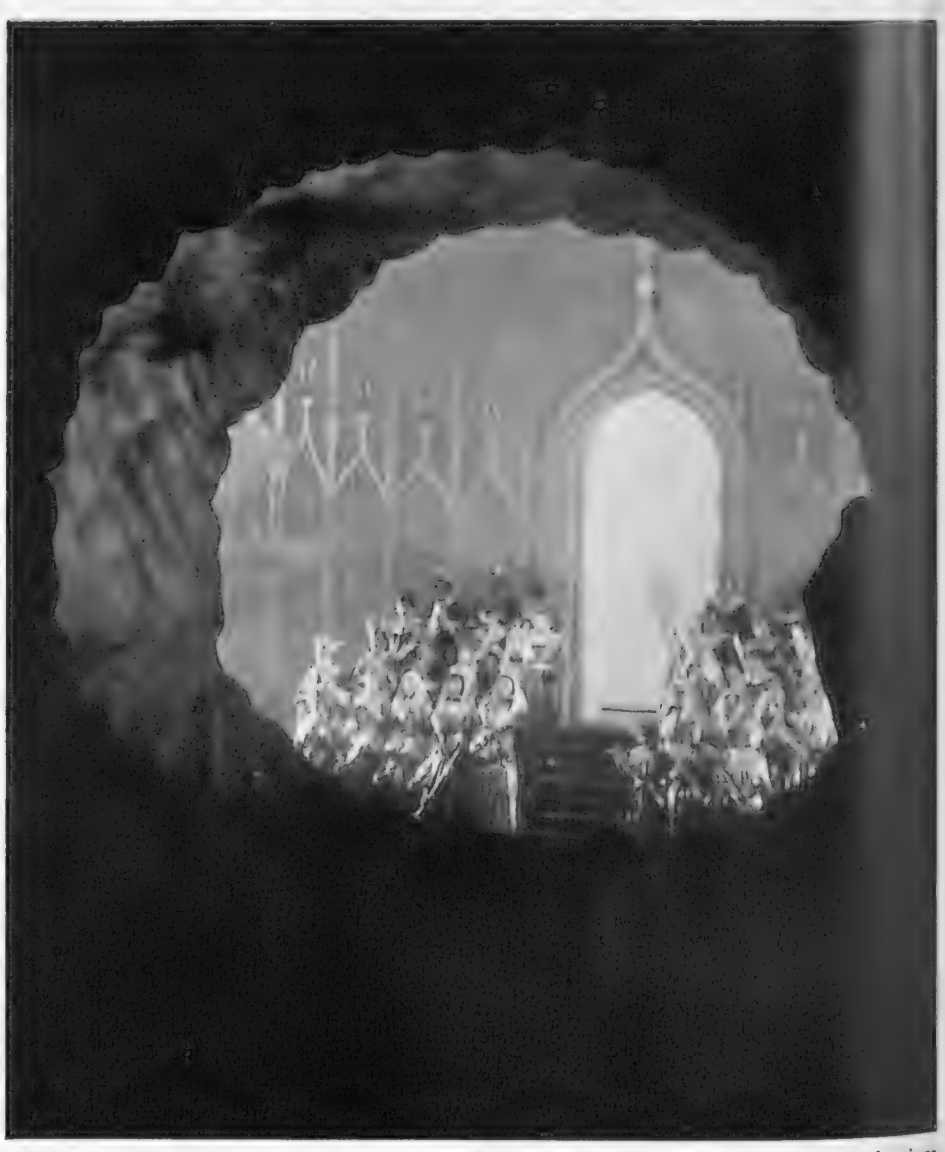
Vaughan Williams' Morality, "The Pilgrim's Progress," Presented at Covent Garden

Works suggested by passages from Bunyan have long been a feature of the output of Vaughan Williams, that English composer whose musical genius reflects such a deep religious faith. Among such works was Vaughan Williams' Fifth Symphony of 1943, which one among those who heard it played for the first time described as "the summing-up of a whole spiritual journey." Now, in this year of Festival, Mr. Vaughan Williams consummates his lifelong preoccupation with Bunyan's book, and last week his opera, or morality, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, was presented at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. It is a production of extraordinary power, with rather the character of a series of tableaux. There is only one member of the cast in the opera to sustain the action, the Pilgrim himself, though there are two score of smaller parts that require sharp characterisation. Mr. Arnold Matters plays the part of the Pilgrim with dignity, reverence and humanity. The production, with its splendour of musical sound and its great depth of feeling, has received the widest praise from London's music critics, but Mr. Scott Goddard noted, by the way, that "among the true-hearted opera enthusiasts who take their *Tosca* like any other cocktail and their 'Ring' as a matter of course, there must have been surprise, dismay and possibly boredom."

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, THE PILGRIM IS SEEN KNEELING, ATTENDED BY THE THREE SHINING ONES AND THE INTERPRETER: This scene is from Act I of Vaughan Williams' morality based on Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress* and presented at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Adele Leigh, Patricia Howard and Vera Hoddinott play the parts of the Three Shining Ones and the Pilgrim (who is seen kneeling) is played by Arnold Matters. The score itself eschews all the normal agitation of stage music, except perhaps during the fight with Apollyon and during the bustle of Vanity Fair. The opening performance of this morality was heard by a vast radio audience. Mr. Vaughan Williams is now approaching his eightieth year. Since 1935, when he received the Order of Merit, it has been widely recognised that he stands without equal in English music.

IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION: The Pilgrim (Arnold Matters), having fought with Apollyon, sinks to the ground, but the Two Heavenly Beings (Elisa Beth Abercrombie and Monica Sinclair) come to his aid, one bearing the Tree of Life and the other the Cup of Water of Life. This is one of the episodes from Act I.

THE PEOPLE OF VANITY FAIR SEEK TO TEMPT THE PILGRIM: The Pilgrim (Arnold Matters) is surrounded by worldliness in every shape and form; and so begins the unrelenting assault upon his moral purpose.



THE END OF THE JOURNEY: In the darkness a trumpet sounds and a choir of angels sings "Alleluia." Darkness gives way to light, and Pilgrim climbs the stair to the Golden Gates, which open and disclose the angels of the Lord. The pilgrimage is over.

DRAMA ON DARTMOOR

Dame Sybil and Dame Edith in *Waters of the Moon* at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket

THE ARRIVAL OF THE INTRUDERS : Edith Evans as the wealthy Helen Lancaster apologises to the residents of the small private hotel on the edge of Dartmoor for monopolising their fire, the highly effective beginning of N. C. Hunter's new comedy "Waters of the Moon" at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Left to right are Cyril Raymond, Nan Munro, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Kathleen Harrison, Dame Edith Evans, Patricia McCarron and Harold Scott. Dame Sybil plays an impoverished gentlewoman; Dame Edith a rich member of café society

WENDY HILLER AND LEO BIEBER IN "WATERS OF THE MOON" : A moving scene between the country girl and the Austrian refugee with whom she has fallen in love. N. C. Hunter's Chekovian comedy is brilliantly served by its cast, which includes Dame Sybil Thorndike, Dame Edith Evans, Wendy Hiller and Kathleen Harrison. It has evoked some criticism in engaging so many leading actresses in one play during Festival year. The setting of *Waters of the Moon* is a small private hotel on the edge of Dartmoor. Its air of impoverished gentility is strengthened by three of its regular residents—a retired colonel; an elderly lady who has lost her money; and an Austrian refugee. For the fourth resident (played by Kathleen Harrison), the hotel represents a step up in the social scale, which she has achieved after coming into a small legacy. Into this turgid atmosphere come Dame Edith Evans, Cyril Raymond and Patricia McCarron as a rich family whose Rolls-Royce has been ditched in the December snow. The tranquillity of the hotel is broken by the vivacious visitors. Dame Edith captivates the Austrian refugee; Patricia McCarron (as her daughter), the young, invalid son of the household; and Cyril Raymond as the husband has the unenviable task of trying to smooth out the complications.

"OH, THE EXCITEMENT OF IT, WITH THE BEATERS SHOUTING 'OVER! OVER!' AND THE WHIRR OF WINGS, AND THE PHEASANTS SWINGING HIGH OVER THE TREE-TOPS—BANG! BANG! OH, BREATHLESSLY EXCITING" : Dame Edith's enthusiasm is not shared by her companions, excepting the Austrian refugee, who has fallen in love with her. Left to right are, Leo Bieber, as Julius Winterhalter; Kathleen Harrison, as Mrs. Ashworth; Harold Scott, as the Colonel; Dame Edith Evans, and Cyril Raymond.

BOB HOPE AT THE PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE : The English-born comedian, previously known to English audiences by his Hollywood films in many of which he has co-starred with Bing Crosby, was an immediate success on the London stage with his quick-fire, wise-cracking act. In it he is assisted by blonde Marilyn Maxwell (in the picture on the right) and by Jerry Desmonde, who used to appear with the late Sid Field. Bob Hope's considerable earnings during his performances in this country are all going to help Clubland, the Camberwell youth centre, as a result of his meeting with the club's founder, the Rev. James Butterworth. With Bob Hope and Marilyn Maxwell are his team of four gag writers, two radio technicians, a producer, a secretary, a radio-station executive, a sponsor and two agents.

***On left*—"I take off my hat to no one—I can't get it off. I have a 10-gallon hat on an 11-gallon head."**

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

TWO NOVELS WITH CONTRASTING HEROINES

Emma Laird's Rather Startling Book, "Of Former Love," and Mary Dunstan's Satisfying Novel, "She Was Always There"

I HAVE read this week a compelling, a rather wonderful and a startling book, in Emma Laird's novel, OF FORMER LOVE (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.). This, in the form of a personal narrative, is the story of an intelligent, even an intellectual woman's love-affair with a man from a different world and, if there is such a thing, from a different moral climate. Katharine is young, lovely, musical and erudite. She is married to an affable, slightly complacent young man, they have two small children and their marriage, if not rapturously happy, is at least based on mutual affection and kindliness. Into Katharine's life now comes Mark, a European of mixed ancestry but undeniable vital force. For him she leaves her husband, bears a child and finally goes to America with the three children, where she lives, working hard to support them all and never within measurable distance of the help and eventually the new marriage that she had been promised. Those are the bare bones of fact. On them the author, with extreme talent and with a passionate sincerity, has built the body of a story which is sometimes rapturous, sometimes horrifying and always believable.

SHE WAS ALWAYS THERE (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is the story of as different a woman as can well be imagined—an English nanny of the classic type. Rosa is a pillar of strength to her charges when they are young, and to them and their friends when they have achieved an uneasy maturity. She is comfortable and comforting, but a nursery disciplinarian; unlettered and unsophisticated but acutely understanding of human problems; and in her retirement to a remote Cornish village she continues unconsciously to exert the strong, sane influence that is as much a part of her composition as her fondness for good, hot tea and thick slices of bread-and-butter. This is Mary Dunstan's most satisfying novel so far.

Mr. John Brophy, on the other hand, has written a flibbertigibbet of a novel, in WINDFALL (Collins. 9s. 6d.) which concerns the vicissitudes of a bright young Englishman who goes to New York to see an old aunt, is left a million dollars by her, and plunges joyously into the picture business—*i.e.*, films—instead of continuing in the picture business—*i.e.*, paintings—with which he had previously been occupied. For me, the most amusing part of this light and lively novel was the descriptive third in which Mr. Brophy gives his hero's impressions of life in New York both with and without dollars. All this reads freshly and wittily and, from my own experience, exactly. It would make a very unconventional guide-book, but those chapters would indeed be some kind of preparation for a travelling Englishman.

STAR QUALITY (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is a collection of six short stories by Mr. Noël Coward, and I enjoyed it immensely. For construction and completeness, the story which gives the book its title is probably the most commendable and, since it deals with the real as against the romanticised back-stage life, it is a perfect subject for the author. It is, in fact, an *exposé* of what happens when a young playwright has a piece accepted by a well-known impresario, when a brilliant producer is chosen for it, when a perfectly-cast but temperamental actress agrees to play in it, and when this team sets to work on it. This is wonderful Coward: witty, revealing, human and immensely practical and accurate. But even more I laughed over "This Time To-morrow," the account of a young (and nervous) woman making her first long flight from London to Jamaica. Female she may be, but I have had many of those qualms myself and only wish I 'd had the brilliant humour to describe them like this.

The American film industry, we are told, began with nickelodeons, little halls where the first flickering pictures were shown in sessions only a few minutes in length, and graduated to the immense industry in California about which we are constantly being told. Mr. Harold Robbins, in a long novel of the type sometimes known as "high-powered," has traced this progress with authority and occasionally drama. If there is also a tinge of sentimentality in his writing, that perhaps shows that it is in the right key. THE DREAM MERCHANTS (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 15s.) may not have the dazzling success over here that it appears to have had in the country of its origin, but it is competent, readable and genuinely full of information.

THE ROYAL AUTHOR HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS MAGNUM OPUS: The Duke of Windsor seen with copies of his book, *A King's Story*, at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, New York, where Messrs. Putnam invited the Press to meet him. In reply to questions, the Duke said that he had worked for about four years on his book, putting in an eight-hour day.

So, indeed, is Jan Westcott's romantic novel, THE HEPBURN (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), which is another transatlantic best-seller apparently, but it is of a very different kind, for this is a story about James IV of Scotland, about Patrick Hepburn, first Earl of Bothwell, and about the Perkin Warbeck plot. It is an exciting period of which to read, and here is an author who knows how to point that excitement, tell a fast-moving story and still retain the imprint of authenticity. In other words, this is not just another historical novel, and I recommend it to you with confidence.

The only detective story I have read this week is Mr. Cyril Hare's AN ENGLISH MURDER (Faber. 10s. 6d.), and that, I think, is another for your list. The setting is the now-familiar one of the stately home, but the plot has variations, not least being its insistence on the end of an era in which stately homes were possible. The characters, particularly the beautifully traditional butler, are excellently done, and my only complaint would be the extreme unpleasantness of the victim, which made him a marked man from the first few pages. Otherwise, a clever, amusing and individual novel to which I would give high marks.

The Festival season is obvious and perfect timing for a new book about the greatest English playwright, and for a book about SHAKESPEARE OF LONDON (Secker and Warburg. 15s.) at that. Sir Ralph Richardson, in his introduction to this intelligent and really delightful book, writes: "I think that for the majority of us the author's researches have unearthed some new relics, and one feels instinctively that they are all genuine, and that they are fit to adorn the temple of, if one may coin from Ivor Brown's golden phrase, our Bardolatry." The book is announced as an attempt to bring a very great man into the light of common day. That it does that to an unexpected degree and that it is a vivid pleasure to read with its accounts of London productions as well as London audiences, is to the credit of an American author, Marchette Chute.

Mr. John Mason Brown is one of the most distinguished of American critics, whose main interest has been the theatre, but whose interests really embrace a wider and more catholic field, including the subject of his best essays in his new collection, Charles Lamb. STILL SEEING THINGS (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is a book full of treasures, to be savoured at ease, and enjoyed. In the writer's scope, besides his first-rate writing on *Elia*, are the work of contemporary American playwrights such as the late Philip Barry, who was the master of such an elegant pen; Sir Laurence Olivier's film production of *Hamlet*; the situation of a New York husband whose wife and family go away to the country for the hot weather; literary censorship; old schoolmasters; and the "pleasant agony" of writing. The results of that last are, in this case, not to be missed, as well for the excellence as for the courage of the writer's taste.

Mr. Elliot Paul has always shown that same gusto, whether it was directed towards his New England home-town, his early experiments in the Wildest Possible West, or his adopted city of Paris. Going back there after the war, and noting the changes and, even more welcome, the lack of changes, he has noted down his impressions in his customary anecdotal, chatty style, and has made of them a very pleasant book with the unexceptionable title of SPRINGTIME IN PARIS (Cresset Press. 12s. 6d.). Possibly one needs to know Paris, and particularly its Left Bank a little, to appreciate this, but I don't think so. I think this is a projection of nostalgia and recovered happiness that the most insular of our countrymen could enjoy

In sharp and even brutal contrast is a book by Colonel G. A. Tokaev, who has been a regular officer in the Soviet Army, and in particular, an ex-chief in the Moscow Military Air Academy. He escaped from Russia because of his growing disagreement with Soviet policy, and in order to have the freedom to write his present book, with the ominous title of STALIN MEANS WAR (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 12s. 6d.). The author is still a comparatively young man, so that the greater part of his life has been lived under the Soviet regime, and it was under this that he achieved a position of some eminence as an engineer. Although his book has few literary pretensions, it must have an evident interest, not least for its descriptions of Russian personalities, such as the formidable figure of Stalin's personal secretary and A.D.C.

88 PICTURES (Methuen. 42s.) is an album of reproductions of the work of the artist, Feliks Topolski, which has become familiar to us in London since the beginning of the war, though these are on post-war subjects. They include drawings in pen, pencil, water-colour, gouache and oil inspired by themes as widely diverse as St. James's Street, Rajputana, the Nuremberg trials and Ireland, and portraits of such notables as Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells and Aneurin Bevan. One or two of the oils which have been reproduced in colour show a poetic richness, and nearly all the work the mark of his peculiar and complicated distinction.

PACIFIC NORTH-WEST

An Amateur Mountaineer Describes Half a Lifetime of Adventuring

It is easy to fall into the habit of thinking of the great peaks of the American continent as wonders to be seen from the train or from the sky or even as an essential part of the literature that concerns itself with railway and air timetables. From a hundred attractive folders and leaflets the mountains beckon, but for all but one in ten thousand the peaks of the Continental Divide remain infinitely remote; the country round them remains half-charted; and some trails which the Indian habitually took in Oregon and Washington now seldom know a human footfall. There is one American, however, who from his youth upwards has found solace amid the wild remoteness of the Pacific North-West. Mr. William O. Douglas, who has been a judge for the past ten years, has spent every moment he could spare amid the solitudes of the Cascade Mountains of Washington, where Hood, Adams and Rainier tower to 12,000 and 14,000 ft., where trails may climb 4,000 ft. in two miles, where there are valleys and canyons man has still not penetrated, where cougar scout the camp at night and bears patrol the streams looking for salmon. He knows, too, the remote Wallewas of Oregon, and there, as in the Cascades, his adventuring has been stern and rigorous, with long treks with a 30-lb. pack, and journeys of 40 miles non-stop through the mountains at night. After half a lifetime of visiting these fastnesses, of observing nature there, Mr. Douglas has written his story of the Pacific North-West He calls it simply OF MEN AND MOUNTAINS (Victor Gollancz. 18s.). It is simply written, too, dwelling lovingly on the small day-to-day impressions of the trail, on the smell of wood-smoke, of bacon and onions frying in camp, on the roar of the north-easter in the tree-tops. Above all, it is the work of one who has learnt to understand many of the mysteries of nature, and has found spiritual comfort and physical adventure in the high places of America as have few others before him.

Another book for the travel-minded, but one that does not venture quite so far afield, is Eileen Molony's anthology, PORTRAITS OF ISLANDS (Dennis Dobson. 9s. 6d.), in which well-known writers describe islands of their choice. For John Betjeman it is the Isle of Man, for Desmond Hawkins it is Guernsey, and for Brian Vesey Fitzgerald, the Isle of Wight. The symposium makes diverting reading, and there is always virtue in seeing familiar places through the eyes of others who are particularly sensitive to them.

"Cricketing Lives" is a new series making its bow at an appropriate moment, at the start of the Festival Year cricket season. The first four volumes in the series, all published by Phœnix House Ltd., at 4s. 6d., are PLUM WARNER, by Laurence Meynell, C. B. FRY, by Denzil Batchelor, DON BRADMAN, by Philip Lindsay, and MAURICE TATE, by John Arlott. These brief biographies are neatly done, and if the tendency of the authors is to hero-worship their particular heroes of cricket, that is perhaps as it should be. We have had more than enough gossip from the club-house and the members' enclosure to last a generation, of belittlements of the Don and of iconoclasm generally. By contrast a little healthy, wholesome praise of the great is all to the good, though when Philip Lindsay links the name of Bradman with the names of Dickens, Shakespeare and Rubens (the restorers, it seems, of his youthful faith in the spirit of man), it is hard to resist a faint raising of the eyebrows, a slight twitching at the corners of the mouth.

Henry Fuseli (1741-1825), the Anglo-Swiss painter who came to England in 1765 and secured the good offices of Reynolds, was perhaps the most strange and provocative artist this country has ever fostered. It is extraordinary indeed how little is still known about this man and his work, which often had such a nightmarish quality, although beyond doubt masterly in technique. In THE DRAWINGS OF HENRY FUSELI (Faber and Faber. 25s.), Nicolas Powell examines a series of works by this Master, defines his style and puts forward some original theories on his unique draughtsmanship. The book, with 64 pages of half-tone reproductions, has been prepared under the editorship of Dr. K. T. Parker, Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum.

Iron Curtain literature is plentiful these days, and its ephemeral character requires no stressing. A great deal of political importance, however, attaches to Victor Kravchenko's I CHOSE JUSTICE (Robert Hale. 15s.), which is not only a sequel to his best-seller *I Chose Freedom*, but shows how the author used the courts to prove the truth of the attack on the Soviet he made in his first volume. If anything, this new book is even more of an indictment against the Kremlin. In TITO AND GOLIATH (Victor Gollancz. 18s.) Hamilton Fish Armstrong tells the story of national rivalry between two Communist States, a rivalry which Bukharin told Mr. Armstrong in 1936 was "by definition an impossibility." The author describes the complex situation in Eastern Europe, weaving his way along the tortuous paths Tito pursued before he finally made the break with his Russian masters.

A new addition to that fine series "The People's France" is Alan Houghton Brodrick's BRITTANY (Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.). It follows in the same style the excellent volumes already published on *Normandy*, *Touraine* and *Paris*.

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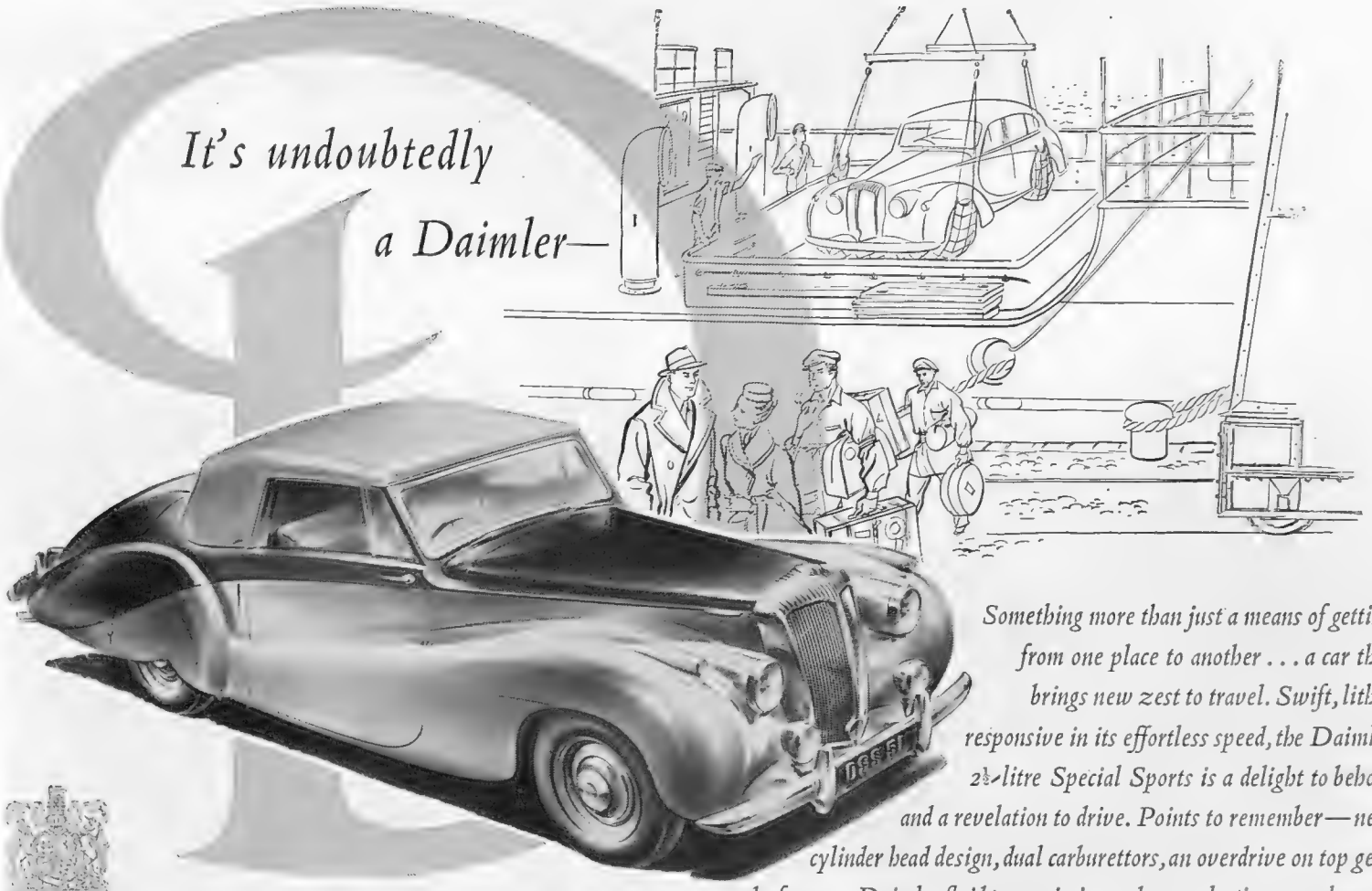

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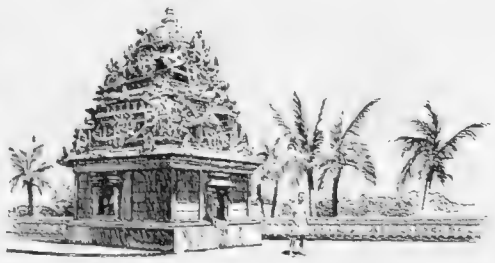

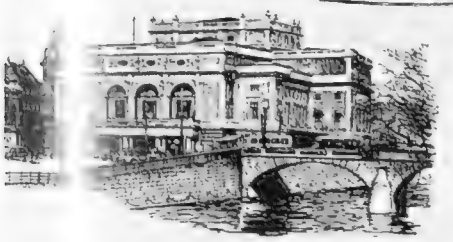

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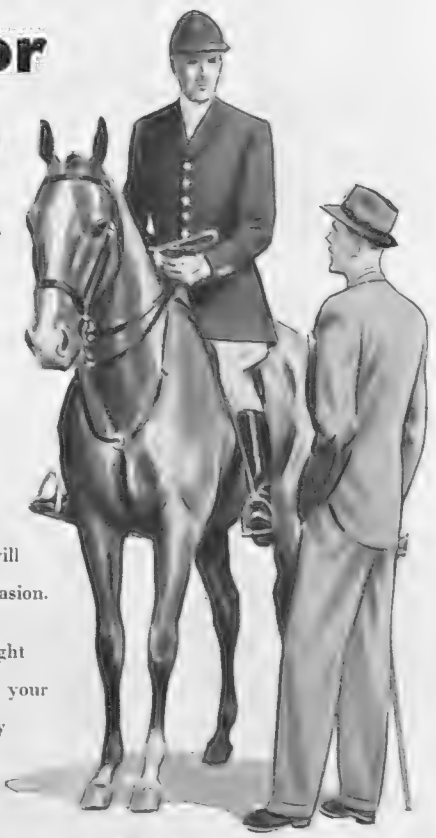

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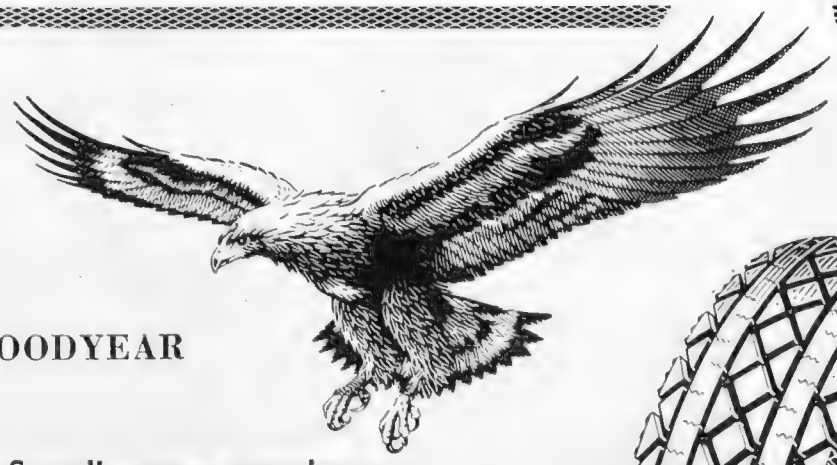

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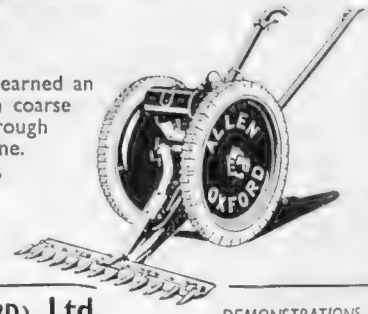

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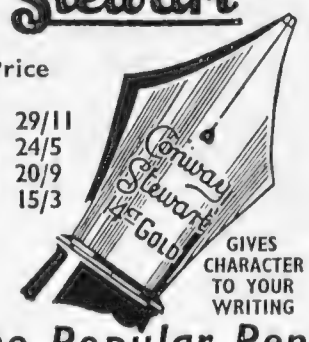

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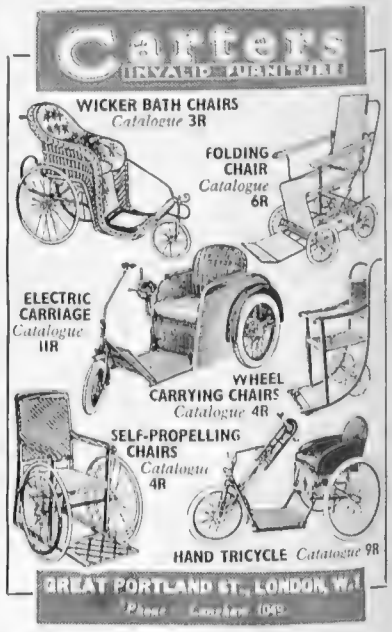

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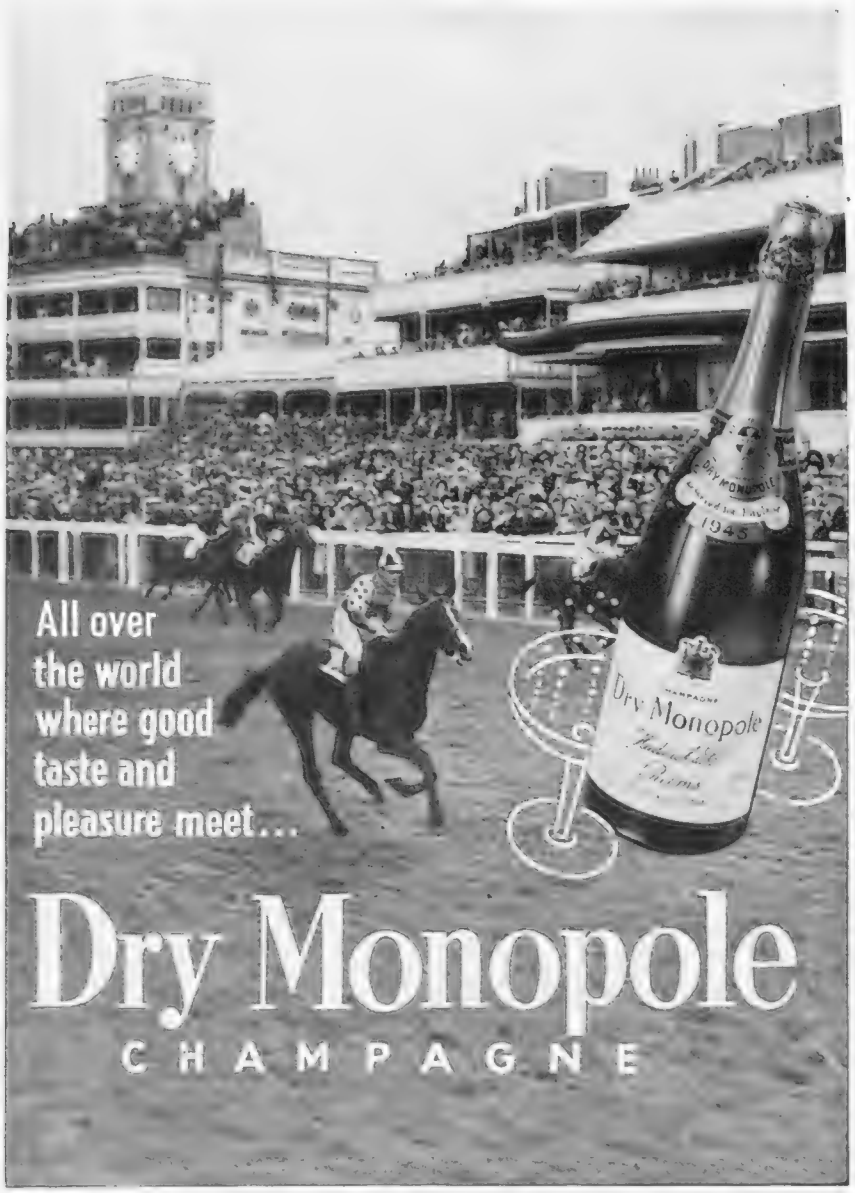

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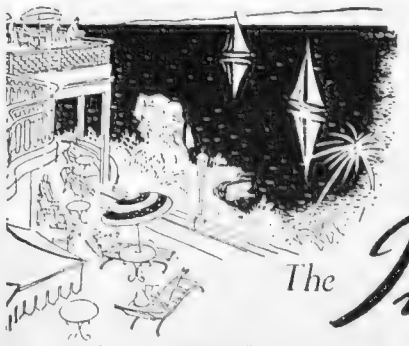

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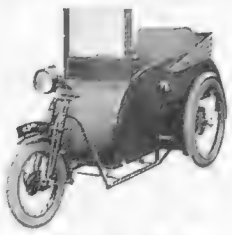

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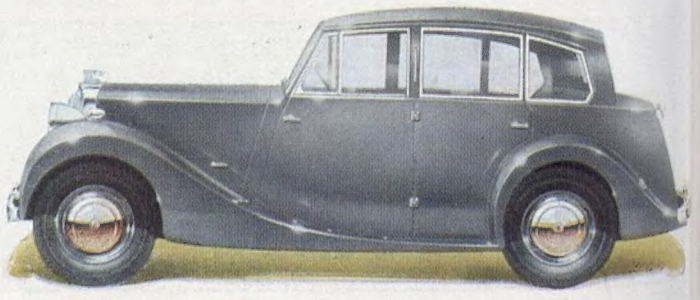

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